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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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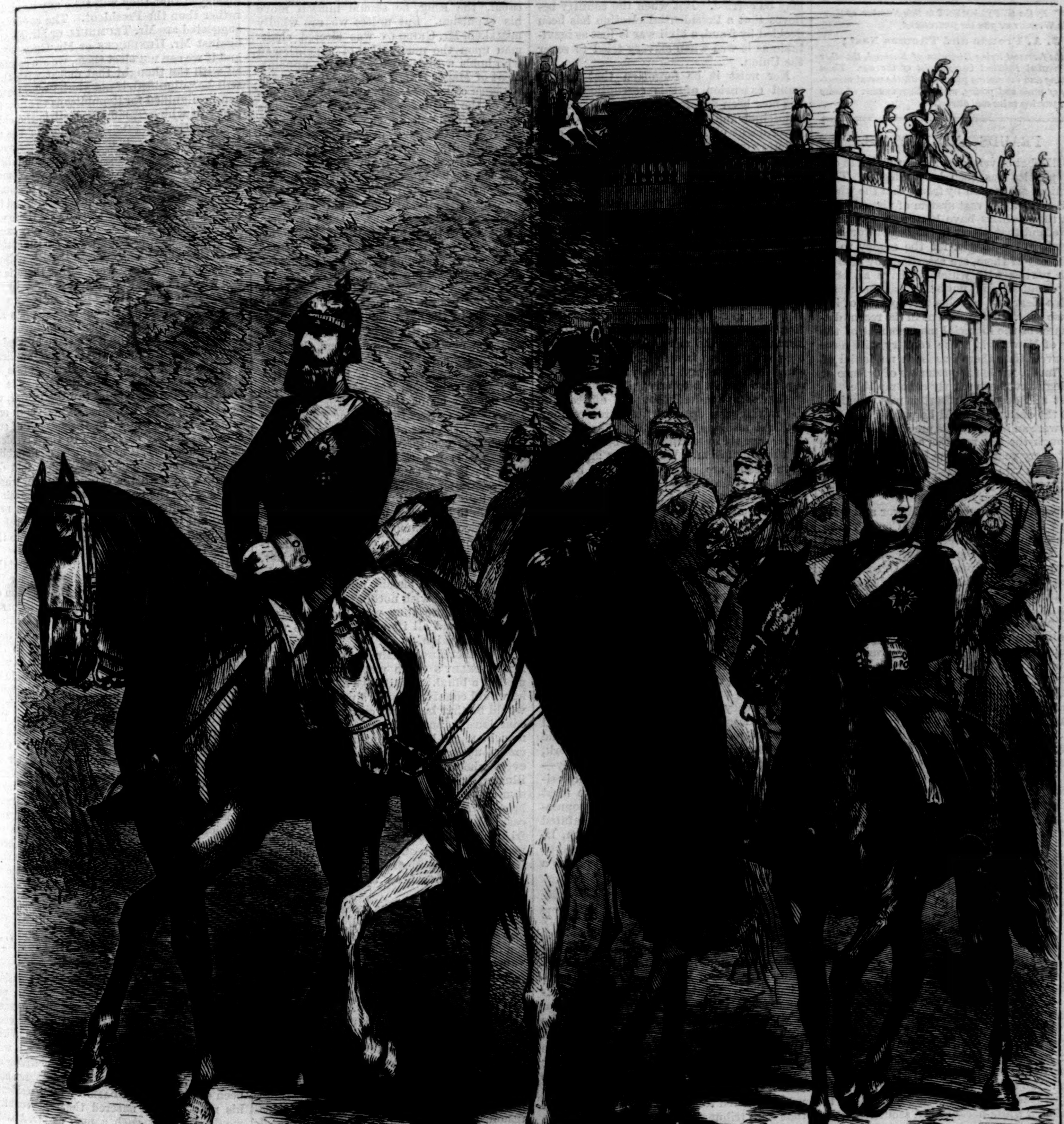


THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, HIS WIFE, AND ELDEST SON.—[SEE PAGE 794.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., will be commenced next week in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from September 2, in which Number this story will begin, to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ In the SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *we give the portraits of*

J. A. Froude and Thomas Nast;

one the foremost living Historian of England, the other the greatest Political Caricaturist of the age. These striking and interesting pictures, with the usual miscellany of prose and poetry, make a SUPPLEMENT *of more than passing value and attraction.*

FRAUDS AND PARTIES.

THE fact of very general corruption in our politics has been long alleged. That elections are carried by fraud, that the whole civil service is a vast system of virtual bribery, that politics have become a profitable trade, and that places in the Legislature and elsewhere are sought for the money to be made out of them, are assertions by men of both parties with which we have all been long familiar. But not before has there been such a clear and conclusive exposure of immense official corruption as in the recent disclosures of the financial management of the city of New York. The country will have observed that there has been no denial of the frauds, while the pretenses of defense or apology have been utterly contemptible. As a last and desperate resort it was promised that the accounts would be published, as if that were an indisputable proof of innocence, although the law requires a financial statement every year, and none has been made for more than two years and a half. But even the promise to publish them has not, up to this writing, been fulfilled.

Avoiding this promise, the Mayor and Controller invited the Chamber of Commerce to investigate the subject. The proposition was an insult to the tax-payers, and was very properly declined by Mr. OPDYKE, the acting president. For if the Chamber should appoint a committee, what more could the committee learn this year than Messrs. MOSES TAYLOR, MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, and JOHN JACOB ASTOR—all of whom, we presume, are members of the Board—were permitted to know last year? And how could a fresh report satisfy a public which the report of the gentlemen we have named had deceived? What the Controller could state to a committee he could, by simply obeying the law which he persists in disregarding, state to every tax-payer in the city, and to every honest man in the land. Indeed, every word and act of the Ring since the frauds were exposed have only confirmed the universal conviction that, under its authority, millions of dollars have been taken from the people of New York for which they have received nothing in return, and which were spent solely for the purposes of the Ring.

Those purposes need not be assumed to be directly and exclusively personal. It will be seen that to the continuance of the opportunities of plunder the apparent success of the party to which the plunderers belong was essential. That success was secured by means which required a great deal of money. The Albany *Argus*, one of the chief organs of the party of the Ring, and whose editor is the secretary of the Democratic State Committee, in an article upon the frauds, does not pretend to deny them, but says that the money so raised or stolen was paid to Republican members of the Legislature to bribe them to vote the tax levy; and the *Argus* adds: "To one man, a saint of St. Lawrence, sixty thousand dollars had to be paid; to another, a white-neckclothed scoundrel from Madison, a sum nearly as great. GARVEY'S plaster whitens walls and fertilizes farms in the West of the State. INGERSOLL'S furniture decks respectable mansions in the interior, and the neighbors wonder how the wealth and taste of the owner were so suddenly developed." That is to say, in plain English, that the Ring stole from the taxpayers in order to bribe the Legislature to perpetuate their chance of stealing. Nor did all the money go to the Legislature. Frauds at the polls are also expensive, and the Ring elected Mr. HOFFMAN in 1868 by the same means with which the *Argus* says that they bought the Legislature.

The situation, therefore, is this. Enormous frauds are charged, and the figures and other details are given. They are not denied; but as the persons implicated are Democratic officers, they say two things: first, that the frauds were the work of a Board of Supervisors, half of which was Republican; and second, the frauds were the source of supplies to buy Republican votes in the Legislature. The truth of this statement, as involving both parties, we do not now consider. Let us suppose it to be true. Let us suppose both parties to be implicated in frauds which are undoubted, and it is one of the gravest facts ever developed in our political history. Corruption so vast, so confessed, so general, is a peril to this country as deadly as slavery ever was. The city is cheated that the State may be bought. Then, under the same auspices, the city will be cheated that the country may be bought. And still further, the city will be cheated that the national elections, as well as State, may be carried. But when the country believes that a Presidential election has been decided by fraud, a civil war is just as inevitable as it was when slavery tried to sever the Union.

Nor must it be forgotten that to the rapid extension of this corruption which has now been developed in the Democratic municipal and, as the *Argus* alleges, State government of New York, two things contribute: one is the doctrine constantly inculcated by some of the leading Democratic papers that morality has nothing to do with politics; and second, the civil service system, which is founded upon patronage, and is, consequently, a vast although often involuntary scheme of bribery. The corruption now exposed in the city of New York is not, of course, confined to that city. It is known elsewhere, even if not upon so large a scale nor so distinctly revealed. Its object is the security of party ascendency. Now it is a very grave question for the consideration of every American citizen who can lift himself above the mere partisan view, how long our system is safe and our peace assured when, every four years, this corruption is invited to struggle for the possession of a hundred thousand offices and the raising and spending of three or four hundred millions of dollars. The Albany *Argus* says that the knife must be applied to all this corruption. We heartily agree. If Republicans are guilty, let them be exposed as these Democrats have been, and let both suffer.

And meanwhile, seeing the inevitable results of such corruption as has now been—and most fortunately—proved before the country, let every American, while not holding all individual members of either party responsible, decide which party, upon the whole, from its antecedents, from its principles, from the general character of its adherents and allies, is most likely to be deepest tainted. If he honestly thinks the Republican to be that party, let him vote against it, for corruption is now the most threatening peril of the country. But if he believes, as we do, that a party reared in the advocacy of slavery, which sneers at "moral ideas," which is associated with all the great political frauds, the Placquemine in Louisiana, the naturalization in New York, and the amazing developments of to-day—which seeks the alliance of political ecclesiasticism, and is strongest among the most ignorant and disaffected part of the population—is a party more likely to be tainted with corruption than the Republican, he will do what he honorably can to preserve his country from so fatal a misfortune as a Democratic administration.

THE QUESTION FOR THE STATE CONVENTION.

WE stated a few weeks ago, as plainly and fairly as we could, the difficulty in the Republican party of New York, and we mentioned the reorganization that was then taking place in the city. That reorganization is now completed. A new committee has been chosen, and has elected Mr. JOHN J. TOWNSEND chairman. There will thus be two city committees, of which Mr. GREELEY and Mr. TOWNSEND will be respectively the heads. Under the auspices of each, delegates will be elected to the State Convention, and that final tribunal of the party in the State must decide between the contestants.

What, then, is the point which the State Convention is called upon to decide? Why has there been a new organization? It is a question which should be considered in advance, that the decision may be more deliberate and intelligible than it is likely to be in the hurry and fever of a short session. Briefly, then, the ground upon which the new organization of the party in the city was ordered is that some of the most active members of the old committee were under the influence of the Tammany Ring, and that the general conviction of that fact necessarily disheartened and demoralized the party. We regret sincerely that Mr. GREELEY declined the invitation of the State Committee to unite with Mr. ORTON in this reorganization. That invitation showed that the State Committee neither distrusted him nor had any improper object in view. Mr. GREELEY, however, did decline, and the committee then appointed in his place JACKSON S. SCHULTZ, late president of the Union League Club, and one of the most eminent and honorable Republicans in the city. Of the new committee which has resulted from the action of Mr. SCHULTZ and Mr. ORTON no kind or degree of Tammany association can be truly alleged. It is, as we understand, composed of unquestionable Republicans who are friendly to the present Republican administration.

Is the old committee equally free of all suspicion of the Tammany taint? Upon his election as its chairman Mr. GREELEY said that if any member should be proved to be acting in the interest of "that infamous cabal," the Ring, he should himself move his expulsion. But unless we are wholly mistaken, Mr. GREELEY was elected chairman upon the nomination of a gentleman who holds a high position by the appointment of Mayor HALL: and one of that gentleman's colleagues, also, we believe, a member of the committee, has certainly been as severely criticised in the *Tribune* as any where. Mr. GREELEY may not be of opinion that the political character of any of his colleagues is affected by such associations. But surely he must feel strangely in taking confidential political counsel with those who are friendly to the cabal which he characterizes as infamous. Does it essentially relieve the difficulty that the appointment of certain Republicans was understood to be one of the conditions upon which the Ring charter was passed?

If the Convention should think that there was good reason for suspecting Tammany influence in the old committee, it can hardly fail to sustain the State Committee in ordering a new organization. And therefore the inquiry should be carefully made how many and what members of that committee at its organization, last January, were in any manner connected with the Tammany Ring. The Convention will, of course, perceive that the fact of Mr. GREELEY'S chairmanship is conclusive of nothing. If Mr. GREELEY is not a Republican, nobody is. That he has, or could, or would have any understanding with the Ring, nobody seriously believes. Yet it is Mr. GREELEY'S principle to take the positions to which his party friends summon him; and when a Republican committee elected him chairman he, of course, accepted the office. But, evidently, if there were any shrewd Republican friends of Tammany upon the committee, they would wish nothing so much as his election, because they would consider the committee and all its members to be then beyond suspicion.

It is, therefore, a fair question whether Mr. GREELEY'S name may not have been used as a blind. And if it be asked whether he would connive at such a use, the answer would be that he would certainly not do so consciously; but that, like any honorable man, he might be of an unsuspicious or even credulous disposition. Honest Republicans every where will understand that if, in the illustrations of the *Weekly*, fun has been sometimes poked at Mr. GREELEY, it has been always a good-natured hit at that occasional defect of judgment which his best friends would not deny. And that judgment may have been as much at fault when he accepted the chairmanship of the committee as it has been upon certain other occasions.

The old committee has recently adopted a series of resolutions, offered by its chairman, agreeing to abide unreservedly by the decision of the Convention, pledging itself in advance to the support of the candidates to be nominated, and calling for the assembling of the Convention at an early day. One of the resolutions, however, was hardly of so conciliatory a strain. It stigmatized the new organization as a "Custom-house new departure," in which the subordinate Federal officers were compelled to acquiesce. But having expressed this contemptuous opinion of the action of a very large and respectable body of fellow-Republicans, the resolutions resumed their conciliatory tone, and declared that the party should not be distracted if the committee could help it. That was well said, but it might perhaps have occurred to the chairman that one obvious method of preventing distraction in a party is to refrain from insulting friends who differ.

The *Tribune* also seeks to prejudice the Convention against the new organization as a Custom-house departure, and calls the new committee a Custom-house committee. But if it were true—which it is not—that a large number of members of the new committee were officially connected with a national Republican administration, would that be a valid objection from a member of a committee some of whose members undeniably hold office under the Tammany Ring appointment? There will be no question before the Convention either of Mr. GREELEY'S Republicanism or of that of many of his colleagues. The simple point for decision will be whether a committee tainted with Tammany influence is a proper representative and manager of the Republican party in this city.

COUNSEL EXTRAORDINARY.

IT is hard to believe that gentlemen can call themselves Republicans who advise the Republican party in Ohio and Pennsylvania to "permit the elections to go by default" for the Democrats this year, so as to secure the defeat of General GRANT as the Republican candidate next year. The reasoning is that the Democrats will be so elated that they will throw off the mask of the new departure, while the Republicans will be so dismayed that they will take any candidate rather than the President. The candidates suggested are Mr. TRUMBULL or Mr. EVARTS against Mr. HENDRICKS or Mr. GROESBECK, and if we can not elect them, we are comforted with the thought that defeat with them will be "dignified, if not glorious." How it can be dignified for Republicans to allow the party of which Tammany Hall is the chief organization to take possession of the national government, or glorious for Republicans to secure the defeat of the Republican party, we do not see. We have asked more than once who it was proposed to nominate if General GRANT should be set aside, and the replies have invariably shown that there was nobody in particular, but a great many excellent gentlemen in general, to be suggested. That there are many such in the Republican party we know very well. But there is no one whose nomination is more dreaded by the Democratic party, nor any candidate who has so general and strong a hold upon Republican confidence as the President.

The counsel to which we have alluded is a confession of this fact. If the Republican purpose to nominate the President is so strong that nothing but party suicide in Ohio and Pennsylvania can disturb it, we need no further evidence of its depth and vigor. Those who give the advice of suicide are plainly so hostile to the President as to be hopeless, if not careless, of Republican ascendency. For if they think that defeat is sure with the candidate upon whom the heart of the party is fixed, they certainly can not suppose it to be less so with a new candidate; and their counsel must therefore be regarded as merely an exhortation to the party to disband and disperse.

In advising Republicans to connive at the success of the Democrats in Ohio, for instance, these gentlemen urge the election of a candidate whom many of his own party declare not to have been fairly nominated, and who stands upon a platform which they disdain. Such advice is a request to the Republicans of Ohio to believe that the welfare of the State and of the country would be best promoted by the triumph of the party which Mr. VALLANDIGHAM led and inspired. Do these gentlemen also think that a Republican defeat in Massachusetts would be a wholesome tonic for the party? and that nothing could be better than disaster in Iowa? Do they suppose that the Democratic party expects to carry Pennsylvania upon a free-trade platform? It is not free trade, it is Tammany, that conquers in a Democratic victory. And when such counsel as we mention proceeds from those who have been hitherto Republicans, it shows that the success of either party is equally agreeable to them, and that their counsel is to be estimated accordingly.

MR. ADAMS AS ARBITRATOR AT GENEVA.

IT has been for some time very amusing to see how vigorously the Democratic papers have been patronizing Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, an original "Conscience Whig," and Free-Soil candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1848. When, therefore, it was announced that the position of arbitrator at Geneva under the Treaty of Washington had been offered to Mr. ADAMS by the President, his new patrons sneered that the country would see that such a man as Mr. ADAMS would not countenance the despotism and venality of this Administration by accepting the position. One enthusiast, indeed, enlarged upon these points. "Mr. ADAMS," he said, "believes that he can not so far indorse this Administration as to lend himself in such a capacity. He is not so easily caught in Mr. GRANT'S little trap. Mr. ADAMS prefers to remain in the quiet enjoyment of his own private opinions, unhedged by the policy of President-makers, until such time comes when his views upon the result of the Geneva Convention, and the

great Presidential question, and public affairs generally, may prove of some moment to his fellow-citizens. When that time comes, and they choose to summon him from the sacred shades of old Quincy, where he is now happily sequestered, he will obey."

This is in the finest style of political omniscience. It was published as a letter in a Democratic paper on Monday. On Tuesday Mr. ADAMS accepted the position. By universal consent of all parties there is no man in the country better fitted for its duties: and his appointment is another of the acts which commend the Administration to the sympathy and support of honest and patriotic men.

The letter, from which we have quoted, proceeds in the same fine strain to describe Mr. ADAMS as finding "abundant food for reflection" in examining the papers of his father and grandfather. "Their correspondence with the statesmen and scholars of their time," continues the sagacious and learned correspondent, "excites in him the most painful anxiety and alarm when he compares the high standard by which public affairs were then gauged with the low and mercenary aim which seems to influence public men, and guide and control public events in these later days. Mr. ADAMS grieves over the degeneracy of our times and the tending feebleness of our government."

"Tending feebleness of our government" is good. Indeed, it is all good. Perhaps, however, Mr. ADAMS's grief is mitigated by the fact that, notwithstanding the tending feebleness of our government, it has subdued the great rebellion which this correspondent's party sustained. And if Mr. ADAMS were disposed to believe the older day so much better than our own, it would not be to the times of his father or grandfather that he would look for the proof. In his grandfather's diary there is constant complaint of the ignorance, the passion, and sordid meanness of his own age, and an appeal to the intelligence of the purer time coming! Alas! if the old President could open his eyes, and behold the tending feebleness of our government, illustrated by the Treaty of Washington, and by the appointment, amidst universal applause, of his grandson and editor as arbitrator!

A FRIENDLY WORD WITH MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS.

GENERAL BUTLER is reported to have said to a reporter—and there is little doubt of it—that he has not contemplated the contingency of his not being nominated as Governor by the Massachusetts Republican Convention. Whether he meant it as a threat, every voter in that State will determine for himself. But there is no question that his nomination by the Republicans of Massachusetts would be the most demoralizing blow that could befall the Republican party of the country. This ought to be distinctly understood in that State. The party in the country at large has the same distrust of the General that his own Democratic party in Massachusetts used to have. There is the same want of confidence that was felt toward the heads of the Ring in New York before the details of their conduct were published. And such a general feeling is not a whim; it is a conviction. It springs from the closest observation of his career, and it is not disturbed by his loudest professions of radicalism in every direction.

It seems to be understood that the General is not a strong candidate from the strict party view. That is to say, the Convention would not select him from the Republican ranks as the most desirable or the most available candidate. His strength lies in the independent or eccentric vote which branches from the Republican. There are the friends of prohibition, for instance, and of woman suffrage, and of labor reform, the great majority of whom are Republican. There are many of them, however, who value their especial movement more than general Republican ascendency, who would, perhaps, prefer a Democratic victory in the State if it would give them strict prohibition, or favor the woman or labor reform. And it is supposed that there are enough of these who would so surely support any Republican who positively favored their particular views as to make him a most available candidate.

General BUTLER not only adopts every one of the special interests as his own, but he bids for the Irish vote, as it is called, by virtually censuring the repression of the late riot in New York. He ought to be sure, also, of the sympathy of the repudiating part of the Democratic vote, and of all the true blue Americans who would like to summon Great Britain, at the cannon's mouth, to settle our *Alabama* bill without delay. In fact, the General has a sail for every breeze that blows, and hopes by many capfuls of wind to make up a gale. But there is a question which every Massachusetts Republican, whether a friend of prohibition, or of woman suffrage, or of labor reform, ought thoughtfully to ask himself. It is, how he can best reconcile his duty at home with his duty to the country? If, for instance, Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who is not less gallant than General BUTLER, should, like the General, suddenly perceive that an intelligent woman is as safe a voter as an ignorant man, would the real friends of equal suffrage feel it their duty to vote for him upon the chance of some advantage to the cause, and with the certainty of throwing Massachusetts out of the Republican line, and, perhaps, so confusing the country as to promote the election of a Democratic administration?

Do not the Massachusetts Republicans, who are friends of certain reforms, perceive that the nomination of a man who is generally distrusted by the Republican party of the country would have very much the same kind of demoralizing effect? General SICKLES is a very different man in many ways from General BUTLER; the grounds of opposition to him are different; but if the Republicans of New York should nominate General SICKLES for Governor, might not their friends in Massachusetts justly reproach them with injuring the party prospects? If the Republicans in the great Republican State, in the commonwealth which in many ways is the representative of the distinctively American character and civilization, should show that Republicans like CHARLES SUMNER and JOHN A. ANDREW had either disappeared from the State or were no longer preferred by the party, the question would certainly be very gravely asked by many who sincerely wish to support Republican ascendency whether there really is any difference between the parties.

Should General BUTLER "run stump" if he is not nominated by the Convention, *bon voyage!* He will hardly poll a larger vote than Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS polled last year, and he will have virtually separated from the party. We do not depreciate, as we have constantly said, and shall never fail to say, his real service to the country at a perilous hour; nor do we deny that of General SHERMAN; but we should most strenuously oppose General SHERMAN's nomination to the Presidency. Meanwhile the necessity of Republican national supremacy is so imperative that we are sure Massachusetts Republicans will hesitate long before they imperil it.

THE "WORLD" AND THE TRUTH.

A FEW weeks since, in speaking of Presidential nominations, and stating why we believed that General GRANT would be the Republican candidate, we offered reasons, to those of our own party who think his nomination undesirable, why it would probably be made. We mentioned, of course, for the purpose of our argument, "the sum of the objections" to General GRANT's administration, recounting them in detail, adding that they were "urged with more or less warmth against the administration," and that such charges were serious. We reminded our Republican friends that "much is said in personal derogation of the President, and much that is, of course, only matter of private taste and preference." We recalled the severe personal criticisms that were made upon General JACKSON and Mr. LINCOLN, and argued that a renomination would be determined, not by personal considerations, but by administrative results.

The New York *World* quotes from the article the passage in which the objections urged against the President by his opponents are stated, and calls them the views of *Harper's Weekly*; and it further describes our summary of what is said of the President by those with whom we differ as our own "sharp words of contemptuous condemnation."

A similar misrepresentation by the *World* of some opinions of the *Tribune* in regard to the Astor Place riot lately drew from that paper a very brief and conclusive comment upon the *World's* veracity. And every reader of all parties will see that if political journals allow themselves deliberately to misstate the views of their opponents for the purpose of producing a false impression, honorable political discussion is at an end.

PERSONAL.

QUEEN VICTORIA has conferred the honor of C. B. upon Mr. W. D. CHRISTIE, formerly British minister at Brazil; and Mr. HUGH ALLAN, of Montreal, has received the honor of knighthood. This Mr. CHRISTIE is the same gentleman with whom General JAMES WATSON WEBB had a difficulty at Rio, in 1863, when they were ministers. He was minister to the Argentine Confederation in 1858, when, from his propensity to be, in hot water, and his hatred of Americans, he wantonly quarreled with our consul, WILLIAM H. HUDSON, refused to fight him, and when threatened by HUDSON with personal chastisement, appealed to the government for protection. After his transfer to Brazil he quarreled, within the first twelve months of his residence, with the ministers of the Pope, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, and Montevideo. At the first dinner at which he and General WEBB met he managed to say something offensive to the General, who, being not a difficult man to have a difficulty with, resented it. Subsequently at a dinner at the Russian minister's, in presence of the Russian and Prussian ministers and Russian secretary of legation, his conduct became unbearable, and the General *ordered* him "never again to indulge in any similar language to me [General W.]; that it was an impertinence, and my custom was to punish impertinence; a bad custom, perhaps, but nevertheless a habit; and by the God that made him and me, if he ever again dared, by word or look, to practice his impertinence toward me, I should punish him on the spot." That was the observation that Minister WEBB made to Minister CHRISTIE. We copy from the official record.

—Mr. JOHN STUART MILL does seem to know every thing. Not only is he a great philosopher, archæologist and botanist, but he sketches admirably, and is a very fine pianist. Imagine MILL, after giving an exhaustive dissertation on some abstruse point in political economy, seating himself at the piano and launching out into variations on "Old Rosin the Bow!" Speaking of music, an American lady whose musical talent was well known in the highest social circles of Paris, and who was on terms of intimacy with the late imperial family, says that although the ex-Emperor NAPOLEON III. was not an enthusiast about the fantasias, themas, etc., of CHOPIN, THALBERG, and those people, he was passionately fond of our negro melodies, and would listen to them, delighted, for half an hour at a time.

—The English papers are filled with paragraphs noting the movements of the Emperor of Brazil, which are in striking contrast with the habits and occupations of those of all other royal personages of the day. Certainly he is a monarch of different type from any that has reigned in Europe for many years. The London *Examiner*, alluding to him, says: "No sovereign who had merely ornamental functions to perform in his own country would be likely, during a visit to a foreign capital, to get out of bed at five or six o'clock in the morning in order to inspect a new piece of machinery, a public work, a celebrated school or hospital, a botanical garden, a museum, or a library, and to spend ten or twelve hours daily in acquiring useful information. The Emperor PEDRO II., it may be observed, has had no leisure or no taste for an interview with 'the two-headed nightingale,' nor has he expressed any wish to witness a slaughter of pigeons among the roses at Hurlingham. It would almost seem as if his Majesty had come to Europe not merely for his own amusement, but with the intention of turning his visit to profitable account; and we shall not be surprised to hear by-and-by that the people of Brazil have reaped great benefits from the tour he is now making. The idea of such a result appears strange and antiquated, we must admit; but then it should be remembered that we have not been accustomed to sovereigns who employ themselves in endeavoring to develop the resources and improve the manufactures of the countries in which they rule or reign. Kingship may have a different meaning in Brazil under PEDRO II. than it has had in any country in Europe since the time when PETER the Great, of Russia, gave his people the benefit of his practical experience as a shipwright."

—A few days ago there left this city, in one of the steamers for Liverpool, a lady who may fairly be called eccentric—the Countess of Derwentwater. She has a fine estate in the north of England called Derwentwater, and has been noted for her oddity of manner and antiquated notions. Her wardrobe is said to consist of over two hundred rich and elaborately trimmed dresses girted with gold-lace fringes and party-colored velvets. She wears no diamonds, and but one plain finger ring adorns her hands. She claims to have among her apparel robes worn by some of the belles of the time of WILLIAM the Conqueror; and when she travels these are part of her personal luggage, carefully packed in the fifteen trunks she carries with her, which are as antiquated as the dresses.

—Mr. ELIHU BURRITT, whose efforts have for many years been directed to the promoting of peace among the nations, still devotes himself to that work, although during the last ten years results have been rather strong the other way. He has computed that there are expended in each year about "twenty-six hundred millions of dollars for Mars against twenty-six millions for Messiah."

—Baron JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD is not bad at repartee. During the Communist period in Paris he was one morning seated in his cabinet, when two fellows entered and asked to be shown to Citizen ROTHSCHILD. "Gentlemen," he said, "what can I do for you?" "Well, this is what we have got to say: you have millions of money, and the people want bread; so you must share, or if not—" "Share? Very well. How many are you in France?" "Perhaps thirty millions." "And how much money do you suppose I have?" "Say a hundred and fifty millions." "Well, then, among thirty millions that makes five francs a head. You are two; here are ten francs for you, and now we are quits." The men were so confounded by the argument, and by the rapidity with which the whole incident occurred, that they took the money and disappeared.

—The list of Lyceum lecturers for the next season is unusually full and rich. RICHARD GRANT WHITE is announced by the Boston Lyceum Bureau, and his subjects will be "Dancing" and "On Speaking English." Mr. WHITE's scholarly accomplishments are a sufficient pledge of the real value of his discourses, which his literary skill and his sense of humor will be sure to commend to public interest and satisfaction.

—The discordant elements of which the Tory party in the British Parliament is composed, and the bitter antipathies existing among its leaders, are among the curious things in British politics. The Tory nobles and Tory gentry are impatient of DISRAELI and his leadership. Two of these, men of great ability, the Marquis of Salisbury and the Earl of Caernarvon, left the Derby cabinet because they could not "abide" him; now they neither speak to nor consult him on party matters, though compelled for the present to follow his lead. The Dukes of Buckingham and Marlborough, dull men, endure him because he gave them office and pets them. The Duke of Richmond (DISRAELI's lieutenant in the Upper House), likes every body, and wants to bring his each-other-hating friends together, but is the weakest and wishy-washiest of handsome, side-whiskered mortals. Lord CAIRNS, ex-Chancellor, is a strong Disraelite and the most brilliant Tory in the Upper House, but is a *parvenu*, and hence is quite unable to establish an *entente cordiale* with the "great houses." He is only less detested than DISRAELI. Lord CHELMSFORD, also ex-Chancellor (having been curtly told to "leave" by DISRAELI when the latter became Premier, and being succeeded by the upstart CAIRNS), absolutely abhors both DISRAELI and CAIRNS, deriving some of his hatred to the former from my Lady CHELMSFORD, who had a memorable tiff with Mrs. DISRAELI, since which the two dames have been very bitter and feminine enemies. The new Lord Derby rather inclines to DISRAELI, a weakness he inherited, but yet finds it necessary to keep on good terms with the Marquis of Salisbury, whose step-mother he recently married.

—The on-coming man of the Democratic party in Maryland is probably Mr. WILLIAM PINCKNEY WHITE, the nominee of the party for Governor. He is forty-six years old, was educated by a private tutor, and, after spending nine months in the counting-room of GEORGE PEABODY, studied law, graduated at the Harvard law-school, and practiced the profession in Baltimore. He has served in the Maryland Legislature, been Comptroller of the State, twice a candidate for Congress, and, in the winter of 1868, was appointed by the Governor United States Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of REVERDY JOHNSON, and served until March 4, 1869. He is a gentleman of fine presence, refined manners, a graceful and forcible speaker, and enjoys high personal popularity with gentlemen of all parties.

—Count de Remusat, the new French Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is now seventy-four, and has attained eminence as an author and writer. His father was chamberlain to NAPOLEON I., and his mother, an authoress of merit, was an intimate of the Empress JOSEPHINE. He was appointed Under Secretary of State of the Interior in 1836, but in 1837 resigned and joined THIERS in opposing the MOLE ministry, which was defeated, and Remusat was made Secretary of the Interior. When LOUIS PHILIPPE, hoping to retain his tottering throne, charged M. THIERS at the last moment with the forming of a ministry, Count Remusat received from his veteran friend a place in its ranks. This appointment made him a leading figure in a scene of dramatic interest. LOUIS PHILIPPE, on the memorable 24th of February, 1848, was at the Tuileries and in the royal cabinet, with the Queen, M. THIERS, Count de Remusat, and other eminent persons around him. The royal circle and ministers were in a state of anxious uncertainty, when Count de Remusat and M. DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE, who had just gone out, re-entered and asked to speak to the princes in private. The princes rose from the table, where they were at breakfast, and went with them to one of the windows. The anxiety of the King and Queen led them to join the group. "Sire," said the Count, "it is necessary that the King should know the truth; to conceal it at this moment would be to render ourselves implicated in all that may follow. Your feeling of security proves that you are deceived. Three hundred feet from this the dragoons are exchanging their sabres and the soldiers their muskets with the people." "It is impossible!" cried the King, stepping back with astonishment. "Sire," said M. DE L'AUBOSPÈRE, an officer in attendance, "I have seen it." Upon this all the company rose from the table, and the King went up stairs, and soon came down with his sons, the Duke de Nemours and the Duke de Montpensier, in uniform. "Go," said the Queen, warmly; "show yourself to the discouraged troops, to the wavering National Guard. I will come out on the balcony with my grandchildren and the princesses, and I will see you die in a way worthy of yourself, your throne, and your misfortunes." The King descended the stairs, still hoping to arrest the movement, while the Queen and the princesses went to the balcony. But it was too late. That evening he abdicated, and was soon flying to England.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OFFICIAL information has been received that the Ku-Klux act of Congress is being enforced in the South, with more success than was anticipated, under the instructions emanating from executive authority.

Hon. Charles Francis Adams has signified to the President his acceptance of the appointment as arbitrator under the Treaty of Washington.

President Grant has suspended General Pleasonton as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and designated Deputy Commissioner J. W. Douglass to perform the duties of the office.

Arrangements are in progress for printing the new revenue stamps from dies made to conform to the new plans for rendering it absolutely impossible to counterfeit or use the stamps a second time.

The widow of the late C. L. Vallandigham died on the 13th of August.

Recent returns show that the crops throughout the country are in better condition than was reported in July, including corn and cotton. A letter from Arkansas says that although the acreage of cotton is not so large as last year, the crop will be equally as large.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A MEETING was held recently in Heidelberg to found a national German Catholic Church. Delegates from Germany, Austria, and Switzerland were present. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution, to embrace the principles of the Council of Constance, in 1314—subordination of the pope to the council, separation of church and state, lay participation in church government, free election of bishops, communal election of pastors, and modifications of the confessional—and to report to a meeting in Munich in September.

The Pope has declined to assume the title of "Pius the Great," and has requested that the money subscribed for a throne of gold be devoted to securing the exemption of the students of Catholic seminaries everywhere from military service.

A large meeting held in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday, August 13, to protest against the suppression of the Fenian amnesty meeting in Dublin, was attended by 20,000 persons, and speeches were made by prominent radical speakers at different stands. The police made no attempt to interfere with the meeting.

The Prince of Wales and his party left Dublin on the 7th of August and returned to England.

President Thiers desires to have his term of office extended to three years. The measure meets with great opposition in the Assembly and among the people.

The cholera has appeared in Prussia, and the government of that country is taking precautions against its spread.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND HIS CABINET, FOR 1872. (?)

IN THE FAR WEST—THE FIRST BUFFALO.—[See Page 794.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DICK KEARNEY'S CHAMBERS.

When Dick Kearney quitted Kilgobbin Castle for Dublin he was very far from having any projects in his head excepting to show his cousin Nina that he could live without her.

"I believe," muttered he to himself, "she counts upon me as another 'victim.' These coquettish damsels have a theory that the 'whole drama of life' is the game of their fascinations and the consequences that come of them, and that we men make it our highest ambition to win them, and subordinate all we do in life to their favor. I should like to show her that one man at least refuses to yield this allegiance, and that, whatever her blandishments do with others, with him they are powerless."

These thoughts were his traveling companions for nigh fifty miles of travel, and, like most traveling companions, grew to be tiresome enough toward the end of the journey.

When he arrived in Dublin he was in no hurry to repair to his quarters in Trinity; they were not particularly cheery in the best of times, and now it was long vacation, with few men in town, and every thing sad and spiritless; besides this, he was in no mood to meet Atlee, whose free and easy jocularity he knew he would not endure even with his ordinary patience. Joe had never condescended to write one line since he had left Kilgobbin, and Dick, who felt that in presenting him to his family he had done him immense honor, was proportionately indignant at this show of indifference. But, by the same easy formula with which he could account for any thing in Nina's conduct by her "coquetry," he was able to explain every deviation from decorum of Joe Atlee's by his "snobbery." And it is astonishing how comfortable the thought made him that this man, in all his smartness and ready wit, in his prompt power to acquire, and his still greater quickness to apply knowledge, was after all a most consummate snob.

He had no taste for a dinner at commons, so he ate his mutton-chop at a tavern, and went to the play. Ineffably bored, he sauntered along the almost deserted streets of the city, and just as midnight was striking he turned under the arched portal of the college. Secretly hoping that Atlee might be absent, he inserted the key and entered his quarters.

The grim old coal bunker in the passage, the silent corridor, and the dreary room at the end of it never looked more dismal than as he surveyed them now by the light of a little wax match he had lighted to guide his way. There stood the massive old table in the middle, with its litter of books and papers—memories of many a headache; and there was the paper of coarse Cavendish, against which he had so often protested, as well as a pewter pot—a new infraction against propriety since he had been away. Worse, however, than all assaults on decency were a pair of coarse high-lows, which had been placed within the fender, and had evidently enjoyed the fire so long as it lingered in the grate.

"So like the fellow! so like him!" was all that Dick could mutter, and he turned away in disgust.

As Atlee never went to bed till daybreak, it was quite clear that he was from home, and as the college gates could not re-open till morning, Dick was not sorry to feel that he was safe from all intrusion for some hours.—With this consolation he betook him to his bedroom, and proceeded to undress. Scarcely, however, had he thrown off his coat than a heavy, long-drawn respiration startled him. He stopped and listened: it came again, and from the bed. He drew nigh, and there, to his amazement, on his own pillow, lay a massive head of a coarse-looking, vulgar man of about thirty, with a silk handkerchief fastened over it as a night-cap. A brawny arm lay outside the bedclothes, with an enormous hand of very questionable cleanness, though one of the fingers wore a heavy gold ring.

Wishing to gain what knowledge he might of his guest before awaking him, Dick turned to inspect his clothes, which, in a wild disorder, lay scattered through the room. They were of the very poorest, but such still as might have belonged to a very humble clerk or a messenger in a counting-house. A large black leather pocket-book fell from a pocket of the coat, and, in replacing it, Dick perceived it was filled with letters. On one of these, as he closed the clasp, he read the name "Mr. Daniel Donogan, Dartmouth Jail."

"What!" cried he, "is this the great head-centre, Donogan, I have read so much of? and how is he here?"

Though Dick Kearney was not usually quick of apprehension, he was not long here in guessing what the situation meant: it was clear enough that Donogan, being a friend of Joe Atlee's, had been harbored here as a safe refuge. Of all places in the capital, none were so secure from the visits of the police as the college; indeed, it would have been no small hazard for the public force to have invaded these precincts. Calculating therefore that Kearney was little likely to leave Kilgobbin at present, Atlee had installed his friend in Dick's quarters. The indiscretion was a grave one; in fact, there was nothing—even to expulsion itself—might not have followed on discovery.

"So like him! so like him!" was all he could mutter, as he arose and walked about the room.

While he thus mused he turned into Atlee's bedroom, and at once it appeared why Mr. Donogan had been accommodated in his room. Atlee's was perfectly destitute of every thing: bed, chest of drawers, dressing-table, chair, and bath were all gone. The sole object in the chamber was a coarse print of a well-known informer of the year '98, "Jemmy O'Brien," under whose portrait was written, in Atlee's hand, "Bought in at four-pence half-penny, at the general sale, in affectionate remembrance of his virtues, by one who feels himself to be a relative.—J. A." Kearney tore down the picture in passion, and stamped upon it; indeed, his indignation with his chum had now passed all bounds of restraint.

"So like him in every thing!" again burst from him in utter bitterness.

Having thus satisfied himself that he had read the incident aright, he returned to the sitting-room, and at once decided that he would leave Donogan to his rest till morning.

"It will be time enough then to decide what is to be done," thought he.

He then proceeded to relight the fire, and, drawing a sofa near, he wrapped himself in a

"IS THAT NOT AS FINE AS YOUR BOASTED CAMPAGNA?"

railway rug and lay down to sleep. For a long time he could not compose himself to slumber; he thought of Nina and her wiles—ay, they were wiles: he saw them plainly enough. It was true, he was no prize—no "catch," as they call it—to angle for; and such a girl as she was could easily look higher; but still he might swell the list of those followers she seemed to like to behold at her feet offering up every homage to her beauty, even to their actual despair. And he thought of his own condition—very hopeless and purposeless as it was.

"What a journey, to be sure, was life, without a goal to strive for! Kilgobbin would be his one day; but by that time would it be able to pay off the mortgages that were raised upon it? It was true, Atlee was no richer, but Atlee was a shifty, artful fellow, with scores of contrivances to go to windward of Fortune in even the very worst of weather. Atlee would do many a thing *he* would not stoop to."

And as Kearney said this to himself he was cautious in the use of his verb, and never said "could," but always "would" do; and, oh dear! is it not in this fashion that we many of us keep our courage in life, and attribute to the want of will what we well know lies in the want of power?

Last of all, he bethought himself of this man Donogan—a dangerous fellow in a certain way, and one whose companionship must be got rid of at any price. Plotting over in his mind how this should be done in the morning, he at last fell fast asleep.

So overcome was he by slumber that he never awoke when that venerable institution, called the college woman—the hag whom the virtue of unerring dons insists on imposing as a servant on resident students—entered, made up the fire, swept the room, and arranged the breakfast-table. It was only as she jogged his arm to ask him for an additional penny to buy more milk that he awoke and remembered where he was.

"Will I get yer honor a bit of bacon?" asked she, in a tone intended to be insinuating.

"Whatever you like," said he, drowsily.

"It's himself there likes a rasher—when he can get it," said she, with a leer, and a motion of her thumb toward the adjoining room.

"Whom do you mean?" asked he, half to learn what and how much she knew of his neighbor.

"Oh! don't I know him well?—Dan Donogan," replied she, with a grin. "Didn't I see him in the dock with Smith O'Brien in '48, and wasn't he in trouble again after he got his pardon; and won't he always be in trouble?"

"Hush! don't talk so loud," cried Dick, warningly.

"He'd not hear me now if I was screechin'; it's the only time he sleeps hard; for he gets up about three or half past—before it's day—and he squeezes through the bars of the window, and gets out into the Park, and he takes his exercise there for two hours, most of the time running full speed and keeping himself in fine wind. Do you know what he said to me the other day? 'Molly,' says he, 'when I know I can get between those bars there, and run round the College Park in three minutes and twelve seconds, I feel that there's not many a jail in Ireland can howld, and the divil a policeman in the island could catch me.'" And she had to lean over the back of a chair to steady herself while she laughed at the conceit.

"I think, after all," said Kearney, "I'd rather keep out of the scrape than trust to that way of escaping it."

"*He* wouldn't," said she. "He'd rather be seducin' the soldiers in Barrack Street, or swearing in a new Fenian, or nailing a death-warnin' on a hall door, than he'd be lord mayor! If he wasn't in mischief he'd like to be in his grave."

"And what comes of it all?" said Kearney, scarcely giving any exact meaning to his words.

"That's what I do be saying myself," cried the hag. "When they can transport you for singing a ballad, and send you to pick oakum for a green cravat, it's time to take to some other trade than patriotism!" And with this reflection she shuffled away to procure the materials for breakfast.

The fresh rolls, the water-cress, a couple of red herrings, deviled as those ancient damsels are expert in doing, and a smoking dish of rashers and eggs, flanked by a hissing tea-kettle, soon made their appearance, the hag assuring Kearney that a stout knock with the poker on the back of the grate would summon Mr. Donogan almost instantaneously—so rapidly, indeed, and with such indifference as to raiment, that, as she modestly declared, "I have to take to my heels the moment I call him," and the modest avowal was confirmed by her hasty departure.

The assurance was so far correct that scarcely had Kearney replaced the poker when the door opened, and one of the strangest figures he had ever beheld presented itself in the room. He was a short, thickset man with a profusion of yellowish hair, which, divided in the middle of the head, hung down on either side to his neck; beard and mustache of the same hue left little of the face to be seen but a pair of lustrous blue eyes, deep-sunken in their orbits, and a short, wide-nostriled nose, which bore the closest resemblance to a lion's. Indeed, a most absurd likeness to the king of beasts was the impression produced on Kearney as this wild-looking fellow bounded forward and stood there amazed at finding a stranger to confront him.

His dress was a flannel shirt and trowsers, and a pair of old slippers which had once been Kearney's own.

"I was told by the college woman how I was to summon you, Mr. Donogan," said Kearney, good-naturedly. "You're not offended with the liberty?"

"Are you Dick?" asked the other, coming forward.

"Yes. I think most of my friends know me by that name."

"And the old devil has told you mine?" asked he, quickly.

"No, I believe I discovered that for myself. I tumbled over some of your things last night, and saw a letter addressed to you."

"You didn't read it?"

"Certainly not. It fell out of your pocket-book, and I put it back there."

"So the old hag didn't blab on me? I'm anxious about this, because it's got out somehow that I'm back again. I landed at Kenmare in a fishing-boat from the New York packet, the *Osprey*, on Tuesday fortnight, and three of the newspapers had it before I was a week on shore."

"Our breakfast is getting cold; sit down here and let me help you. Will you begin with a rasher?"

Not replying to the invitation, Donogan covered his plate with bacon, and leaning his arm on the table, stared fixedly at Kearney.

"I am as glad as fifty pound of it," muttered he, slowly, to himself.

"Glad of what?"

"Glad that you're not a swell, Mr. Kearney," said he, gravely. "'The Honorable Richard Kearney:' whenever I repeated that to myself it gave me a cold sweat. I thought of velvet collars and a cravat with a grand pin in it, and a stuck-up creature behind both, that wouldn't condescend to sit down with me."

"I am sure Joe Atlee gave you no such impression of me."

A short grunt that might mean any thing was all the reply.

"He was my chum, and knew me better," reiterated the other.

"He knows many a thing he doesn't say, and he says plenty that he doesn't know. 'Kearney will be a swell,' said I, 'and he'll turn upon me just out of contempt for my condition.'"

"That was judging me hardly, Mr. Donogan."

"No, it wasn't; it's the treatment the mangy dog meets all the world over. Why is England insolent to us, but because we're poor?—answer me that. Are we mangy? Don't you feel mangy?—I know *I* do!"

Dick smiled a sort of mild contradiction, but said nothing.

"Now that I see you, Mr. Kearney," said the other, "I'm as glad as a ten-pound note about a letter I wrote you—"

"I never received a letter from you."

"Sure I know you didn't! haven't I got it here?" and he drew forth a square-shaped packet and held it up before him. "I never said that I sent it, nor I won't send it now; here's its present address," added he, as he threw it on the fire and pressed it down with his foot.

"Why not have given it to me now?" asked the other.

"Because three minutes will tell you all that was in it, and better than writing; for I can reply to any thing that wants an explanation, and that's what a letter can not. First of all, do you know that Mr. Claude Barry, your county member, has asked for the Chiltern, and is going to resign?"

"No, I have not heard it."

"Well, it's a fact. They are going to make him a second secretary somewhere, and pension him off. He has done his work: he voted an Arms Bill and an Insurrection Act, and he had the influenza when the amnesty petition was presented, and sure no more could be expected from any man."

"The question scarcely concerns me; our interest in the county is so small now, we count very little."

"And don't you know how to make your influence greater?"

"I can not say that I do."

"Go to the poll yourself, Richard Kearney, and be the member."

"You are talking of an impossibility, Mr. Donogan. First of all, we have no fortune, no large estates in the county, with a wide tenantry and plenty of votes; secondly, we have no place among the county families, as our old name and good blood might have given us; thirdly, we are of the wrong religion, and, I take it, with as wrong politics; and lastly, we should not know what to do with the prize if he had won it."

"Wrong in every one of your propositions—wholly wrong," cried the other. "The party that will send you in won't want to be bribed, and they'll be proud of a man who doesn't overtop them with his money. You don't need the big families, for you'll beat them. Your religion is the right one, for it will give you the Priests; and your politics shall be Repeal, and it will give you the Peasants; and as to not knowing what to do when you're elected, are you so mighty well off in life that you've nothing to wish for?"

"I can scarcely say that," said Dick, smiling.

"Give me a few minutes' attention," said Donogan, "and I think I'll show you that I've thought this matter out and out; indeed, before I sat down to write to you I went into all the details."

And now, with a clearness and a fairness that astonished Kearney, this strange-looking fellow proceeded to prove how he had weighed the whole difficulty, and saw how, in the nice balance of the two great parties who would contest the seat, the Repealer would step in and steal votes from both.

He showed not only that he knew every barony of the county, and every estate and property, but that he had a clear insight into the different localities where discontent prevailed, and places where there was something more than discontent.

"It is down there," said he, significantly, "that I can be useful. The man that has had his foot in the dock, and only escaped having his head in the noose, is never discredited in Ireland. Talk Parliament and parliamentary tactics to the small shop-keepers in Moate, and leave me to talk treason to the people in the bog."

"But I mistake you and your friends greatly," said Kearney, "if these were the tactics you always followed; I thought that you were the physical force party, who sneered at constitutionalism, and only believed in the pike."

"So we did, so long as we saw O'Connell and the lawyers working the game of that grievance for their own advantage, and teaching the English government how to rule Ireland by a system of concession to *them* and to *their* friends. Now, however, we begin to perceive that to assault that heavy bastion of Saxon intolerance, we must have spies in the enemy's fortress, and for this we send in so many members to the Whig party. There are scores of men who will aid us by their vote who would not risk a bone in our cause. Theirs is a sort of subacute patriotism; but it has its use. It smashes an Established Church, breaks down Protestant ascendency, destroys the prestige of landed property, and will in time abrogate entail and primogeniture, and many another fine thing; and in this way it clears the ground for our operations, just as soldiers fell trees and level houses lest they interfere with the range of heavy artillery."

"So that the place you would assign me is that very honorable one you have just called a 'spy in the camp?'"

"By a figure I said that, Mr. Kearney; but you know well enough what I meant was, that there's many a man will help us on the Treasury benches, that would not turn out on Tallaght; and we want both. I won't say," added he, after a pause, "I'd not rather see you a leader in our ranks than a Parliament man. I was bred a doctor, Mr. Kearney, and I must take an illustration from my own art. To make a man susceptible of certain remedies you are often obliged to reduce his strength and weaken his constitution. So it is here. To bring Ireland into a condition to be bettered by Repeal, you must crush the Church and smash the bitter Protestants. The Whigs will do these for us, but we must help them. Do you understand me now?"

"I believe I do. In the case you speak of, then, the government will support my election."

"Against a Tory, yes; but not against a pure Whig—a thorough-going supporter, who would bargain for nothing for his country, only something for his own relations."

"If your project has an immense fascination for me at one moment, and excites my ambition beyond all bounds, the moment I turn my mind to the cost, and remember my own poverty, I see nothing but hopelessness."

"That's not my view of it, nor, when you listen to me patiently, will it, I believe, be yours. Can we have another talk over this in the evening?"

"To be sure! we'll dine here together at six."

"Oh, never mind me; think of yourself, Mr. Kearney, and your own engagements. As to the matter of dining, a crust of bread and a couple of apples are fully as much as I want or care for."

"We'll dine together to-day at six," said Dick, "and bear in mind I am more interested in this than you are."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CRAFTY COUNSELOR.

As they were about to sit down to dinner on that day a telegram, redirected from Kilgobbin, reached Kearney's hand. It bore the date of that morning, from Plmnuddm Castle, and was signed "Atlee." Its contents were these:—H. E. wants to mark the Kilgobbin defense with some sign of approval. What shall it be? Reply by wire."

"Read that, and tell us what you think of it."

"Joe Atlee at the Viceroy's castle in Wales!" cried the other. "We are going up the ladder hand over head, Mr. Kearney! A week ago his ambition was bounded on the south by Ship Street, and on the east by the Lower Castle Yard."

"How do you understand the dispatch?" asked Kearney, quickly.

"Easily enough. His Excellency wants to know what you'll have for shooting down three—I think they were three—Irishmen."

"The fellows came to demand arms, and with loaded guns in their hands."

"And if they did! Is not the first right of a man the weapon that defends him? He that can not use it or does not possess it is a slave. By what prerogative has Kilgobbin Castle within its walls what can take the life of any, the meanest, tenant on the estate?"

"I am not going to discuss this with you; I think I have heard most of it before, and was not impressed when I did so. What I asked was, what sort of a recognition one might safely ask for and reasonably expect?"

"That's not long to look for. Let them support you in the county. Telegraph back, 'I'm going to stand, and, if I get in, will be a Whig, whenever I'm not a Nationalist. Will the party stand by me?"

"Scarcely with that programme."

"And do you think that the priests' nominees, who are three-fourths of the Irish members, offer better terms? Do you imagine that the men that crowd the Whig lobby have not reserved their freedom of action about the Pope, and the Fenian prisoners, and the Orange processionists? If they were not free so far, I'd ask you, with the old Duke, how is her Majesty's government to be carried on?"

Kearney shook his head in dissent.

"And that's not all," continued the other; "but you must write to the papers a flat contradiction of that shooting story. You must either declare that it never occurred at all, or was done by that young scamp from the Castle, who happily got as much as he gave."

"That I could not do," said Kearney, firmly.

"And it is that precisely that you must do," rejoined the other. "If you go into the House to represent the popular feeling of Irishmen, the hand that signs the roll must not be stained with Irish blood."

"You forget; I was not within fifty miles of the place."

"And another reason to disavow it. Look here, Mr. Kearney; if a man in a battle was to say to himself, I'll never give any but a fair blow, he'd make a mighty bad soldier. Now public life is a battle, and worse than a battle in all that touches treachery and falsehood. If you mean to do any good in the world, to yourself and your country, take my word for it, you'll have to do plenty of things that you don't like, and, what's worse, can't defend."

"The soup is getting cold all this time. Shall we sit down?"

"No, not till we answer the telegram. Sit down and say what I told you."

"Atlee will say I'm mad. He knows I have not a shilling in the world."

"Riches is not the badge of the representation," said the other.

"They can, at least, pay the cost of the elections."

"Well, we'll pay ours, too—not all at once, but later on; don't fret yourself about that."

"They'll refuse me flatly."

"No, we have a lien on the fine gentleman with the broken arm. What would the Tories give for that story, told as I could tell it to them? At all events, whatever you do in life, remember this—that if asked your price for any thing you have done, name the highest, and take nothing if it's refused you. It's a waiting race, but I never knew it fail in the end."

Kearney dispatched his message, and sat down to the table, far too much flurried and excited to care for his dinner. Not so his guest, who ate voraciously, seldom raising his head, and never uttering a word. "Here's to the new member for King's County," said he at last, and he drained off his glass; and I don't know a pleasanter way of wishing a man prosperity than in a bumper. "Has your father any politics, Mr. Kearney?"

"He thinks he's a Whig, but, except hating the Established Church, and having a print of Lord Russell over the fire-place, I don't know he has other reason for the opinion."

"All right; there's nothing finer for a young man entering public life than to be able to sneer at his father for a noodle. That's the practical way to show contempt for the wisdom of our ancestors. There's no appeal the public respond to with the same certainty as that of the man who quarrels with his relations for the sake of his principles; and whether it be a change in your politics or your religion, they're sure to uphold you."

"If differing with my father will insure success, I can afford to be confident," said Dick, smiling.

"Your sister has her notions about Ireland, hasn't she?"

"Yes, I believe she has; but she fancies that laws and acts of Parliament are not the things in fault, but ourselves and our modes of dealing with the people, that were not often just, and were always capricious. I am not sure how she works out her problem, but I believe we ought to educate each other; and that, in turn for teaching the people to read and write, there are scores of things to be learned from them."

"And the Greek girl?"

"The Greek girl"—began Dick, haughtily, and with a manner that betokened rebuke, but which suddenly changed as he saw that nothing in the other's manner gave any indication of intended freedom or insolence—"the Greek is my first cousin, Mr. Donogan," said he, calmly; "but I am anxious to know how you have heard of her, or, indeed, of any of us."

"From Joe—Joe Atlee. I believe we have talked you over—every one of you—till I know you all as well as if I lived in the Castle and called you by your Christian names. Do you know, Mr. Kearney"—and his voice trembled now as he spoke—"that to a lone and desolate man like myself, who has no home, and scarcely a country, there is something indescribably touching in the mere picture of the fireside, and the family gathered round it, talking over little homely cares, and canvassing the changes of each day's fortune. I could sit here half the night and listen to Atlee telling how you lived, and the sort of things that interested you."

"So that you'd actually like to look at us?"

Donogan's eyes grew glassy, and his lips trembled, but he could not utter a word.

"So you shall, then," cried Dick, resolutely. "We'll start to-morrow by the early train. You'll not object to a ten miles' walk, and we'll arrive for dinner."

"Do you know who it is you are inviting to your father's house? Do you know that I am an escaped convict, with a price on my head this minute? Do you know the penalty of giving me shelter, or even what the law calls comfort?"

"I know this, that in the heart of the Bog of Allen you'll be far safer than in the city of Dublin; that none shall ever learn who you are, nor, if they did, is there one—the poorest in the place—would betray you."

"It is of you, Sir, I'm thinking, not of me," said Donogan, calmly.

"Don't fret yourself about us. We are well known in our county, and above suspicion. Whenever you yourself should feel that your presence was like to be a danger, I am quite willing to believe you'd take yourself off."

"You judge me rightly, Sir, and I'm proud to see it; but how are you to present me to your friends?"

"As a college acquaintance—a friend of Atlee's and of mine—a gentleman who occupied the room next me. I can surely say that with truth."

"And dined with you every day since you knew him. Why not add that?"

He laughed merrily over this conceit, and at last Donogan said, "I've a little set of clothes—something decenter than these—up in Thomas

Street, No. 13, Mr. Kearney; the old house Lord Edward was shot in, and the safest place in Dublin now, because it is so notorious. I'll step up for them this evening, and I'll be ready to start when you like."

"Here's good fortune to us, whatever we do next," said Kearney, filling both their glasses; and they touched he brims together and clinked them before they drained them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"ON THE LEADS."

Kate Kearney's room was on the top of the Castle, and "gave" by a window over the leads of a large square tower. On this space she had made a little garden of a few flowers, to tend which was one of what she called her "dissipations."

Some old packing-cases, filled with mould, sufficed to nourish a few stocks and carnations, a rose or two, and a mass of mignonette, which possibly, like the children of the poor, grew up sturdy and healthy from some of the adverse circumstances of their condition. It was a very favorite spot with her; and if she came hither in her happiest moments, it was here also her saddest hours were passed, sure that in the cares and employments of her loved plants she would find solace and consolation. It was at this window Kate now sat with Nina, looking over the vast plain, on which a rich moonlight was streaming, the shadows of fast-flitting clouds throwing strange and fanciful effects over a space almost wide enough to be a prairie.

"What a deal have mere names to do with our imaginations, Nina!" said Kate. "Is not that boundless sweep before us as fine as your boasted Campagna? Does not the night wind career over it as joyfully, and is not the moonlight as picturesque in its breaks by turf-clump and hillock as by ruined wall and tottering temple? In a word, are not we as well here, to drink in all this delicious silence, as if we were sitting on your loved Pincian?"

"Don't ask me to share such heresies. I see nothing out there but bleak desolation. I don't know if it ever had a past; I can almost swear it will have no future. Let us not talk of it."

"What shall we talk of?" asked Kate, with an arch smile.

"You know well enough what led me up here. I want to hear what you know of that strange man Dick brought here to-day to dinner."

"I never saw him before—never even heard of him."

"Do you like him?"

"I have scarcely seen him."

"Don't be so guarded and reserved. Tell me frankly the impression he makes on you. Is he not vulgar—very vulgar?"

"How should I say, Nina? Of all the people you ever met, who knows so little of the habits of society as myself? Those fine gentlemen who were here the other day shocked my ignorance by numberless little displays of indifference. Yet I can feel that they must have been paragons of good-breeding, and that what I believed to be a very cool self-sufficiency was in reality the very latest London version of good manners."

"Oh, you did not like that charming carelessness of Englishmen that goes where it likes and when it likes, that does not wait to be answered when it questions, and only insists on one thing, which is—'not to be bored.' If you knew, dearest Kate, how foreigners school themselves, and strive to catch up that insouciance, and never succeed—never!"

"My brother's friend certainly is no adept in it."

"He is insufferable. I don't know that the man ever dined in the company of ladies before; did you remark that he did not open the door as we left the dinner-room? and if your brother had not come over, I should have had to open it for myself. I declare I'm not sure he stood up as we passed."

"Oh yes; I saw him rise from his chair."

"I'll tell you what you did not see. You did not see him open his napkin at dinner. He stole his roll of bread very slyly from the folds, and then placed the napkin, carefully folded, beside him."

"You seem to have observed him closely, Nina."

"I did so, because I saw enough in his manner to excite suspicion of his class, and I want to know what Dick means by introducing him here."

"Papa liked him; at least he said that after we left the room a good deal of his shyness wore off, and that he conversed pleasantly and well. Above all, he seems to know Ireland perfectly."

"Indeed!" said she, half disdainfully.

"So much so that I was heartily sorry to leave the room when I heard them begin the topic; but I saw papa wished to have some talk with him, and I went."

"They were gallant enough not to join us afterward, though I think we waited tea till ten."

"Till nigh eleven, Nina; so that I am sure they must have been interested in their conversation."

"I hope the explanation excuses them."

"I don't know that they are aware they needed an apology. Perhaps they were affecting a little of that British insouciance you spoke of."

"They had better not. It will sit most awkwardly on their Irish habits."

"Some day or other I'll give you a formal battle on this score, Nina, and I warn you you'll not come so well out of it."

"Whenever you like. I accept the challenge. Make this brilliant companion of your brother's the type, and it will test your cleverness, I promise you. Do you even know his name?"

"Mr. Daniel, my brother called him; but I know nothing of his country or of his belongings."

"Daniel is a Christian name, not a family name, is it not? We have scores of people like that—Tommasini, Riccardi, and such like—in Italy, but they mean nothing."

"Our friend below stairs looks as if *that* was not his failing. I should say that he means a good deal."

"Oh, I know you are laughing at my stupid phrase—no matter; you understood me, at all events. I don't like that man."

"Dick's friends are not fortunate with you. I remember how unfavorably you judged of Mr. Atlee from his portrait."

"Well, he looked rather better than his picture—less false, I mean; or perhaps it was that he had a certain levity of manner that carried off the perfidy."

"What an amiable sort of levity!"

"You are too critical on me by half this evening," said Nina, pettishly; and she arose and strolled out upon the leads.

For some time Kate was scarcely aware she had gone. Her head was full of cares, and she sat trying to think some of them "out," and see her way to deal with them. At last the door of the room slowly and noiselessly opened, and Dick put in his head. "I was afraid you might be asleep, Kate," said he, entering, "finding all so still and quiet here."

"No. Nina and I were chatting here—squabbling, I believe, if I were to tell the truth; and I can't tell when she left me."

"What could you be quarreling about?" asked he, as he sat down beside her.

"I think it was about that strange friend of yours. We were not quite agreed whether his manners were perfect, or his habits those of the well-bred world. Then we wanted to know more of him, and each was dissatisfied that the other was so ignorant; and, lastly, we were canvassing that very peculiar taste you appear to have in friends, and were wondering where you find your odd people."

"So, then, you don't like Donogan?" said he, hurriedly.

"Like whom? And you call him Donogan!"

"The mischief is out," said he. "Not that I wanted to have secrets from you; but all the same, I am a precious bungler. His name is Donogan, and what's more, it's Daniel Donogan. He was the same who figured in the dock at, I believe, sixteen years of age, with Smith O'Brien and the others, and was afterward seen in England in '59, known as a head-centre, and apprehended on suspicion in '60, and made his escape from Dartmoor the same year. There's a very pretty biography in skeleton, is it not?"

"But, my dear Dick, how are you connected with him?"

"Not very seriously. Don't be afraid. I'm not compromised in any way, nor does he desire that I should be. Here is the whole story of our acquaintance." And now he told what the reader already knows of their first meeting and the intimacy that followed it.

"All that will take nothing from the danger of harboring a man charged as he is," said she, gravely.

"That is to say, if he be tracked and discovered."

"It is what I mean."

"Well, one has only to look out of that window, and see where we are and what lies around us on every side, to be tolerably easy on that score." And as he spoke he arose and walked out upon the terrace. "What! were you here all this time?" asked he, as he saw Nina seated on the battlement, and throwing dried leaves carelessly to the wind.

"Yes; I have been here this half hour, perhaps longer."

"And heard what we have been saying within there?"

"Some chance words reached me, but I did not follow them."

"Oh, it was here you were, then, Nina!" cried Kate. "I am ashamed to say I did not know it."

"We got so warm in discussing your friend's merits or demerits that we parted in a sort of huff," said Nina. "I wonder was he worth quarreling for?"

"What should *you* say?" asked Dick, inquiringly, as he scanned her face.

"In any other land I might say he was—that is, that some interest might attach to him; but here, in Ireland, you all look so much brighter, and wittier, and more impetuous, and more out of the common than you really are, that I give up all divination of you, and own I can not read you at all."

"I hope you like the explanation," said Kate to her brother, laughing.

"I'll tell my friend of it in the morning," said Dick; "and as he is a great national champion, perhaps he'll accept it as a defiance."

"You do not frighten by the threat," said Nina, calmly.

Dick looked from her face to his sister's and back again to hers, to discern if he might how much she had overheard; but he could read nothing in her cold and impassive bearing, and he went his way in doubt and confusion.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Last summer the Western sections of our country suffered an invasion of grasshoppers, which in some places ruined the crops. This scourge seems to have been marching Eastward, and now New England is being ravaged by this voracious insect. In some of the central portions of Maine they have literally, like the locusts of Egypt, eaten "every herb of the land;" and as they have attacked the fruit also, there seems likely to remain no "green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field through all the land," unless some "mighty wind" takes them away. Pleasure-walking is not attainable. A stroll through the fields raises before one a hopping, flying, chirping swarm. They cover your garments, sparing not your sacred person; and when you have shaken and brushed and picked them off, scores yet remain, creeping up your back, sitting familiarly on your shoulder, or perched impudently on your hat. As you drive through the streets they separate like a cloud on either hand: the land is "darkened" with them. Some have wings like butterflies, and all have remarkable locomotive powers. They climb up the sides of the house, enter your chamber window, and, folding up their arms, sit on the window-sill watching you until they think fit to enter the room. At night they roost on the fences, the door-steps, the sides of the houses, the trunks of trees, often climbing to remarkable heights. Such for multitude is the scourge of the farmer, in some sections, whose ravages have almost ruined the crops. If we, like people of Oriental climes, esteemed this creature a table delicacy, the case would not be so desperate. We would not attempt to specify the proper species to be eaten; but certainly the Israelites were allowed to eat "the grasshopper after his kind," and they were prepared in many ways. They were dressed in oil, packed in salt, dried, minced, and used mixed with bread; they were roasted, or boiled, or baked, and considered by Eastern people as a very handy article to have in the house for luncheon. It is our belief, however, that those in our own country who live in the grasshopper-infested sections will have enough of them without making them an addition to their bill of fare.

Eleven graduates of Yale are now in Kansas, and propose to spend a few months in hunting for fossils among the plains and mountains of the great West under the direction of Professor Marsh, of the Sheffield Scientific School. The search after live vertebrates will give a liveliness to their trips, and the Indians and rattlesnakes will be spice enough for the expedition.

The announcement is made of the marriage of the Princess Mary of Holland to the Prince of Wied. Foreign papers give some interesting details concerning the royal lady, who is heiress to one of the largest fortunes in Europe. Many princes have sought her, but none found favor in her eyes until, in traveling, she one day met the Prince of Wied. He suited her; so it is of no consequence that the bride is thirty and the bridegroom only twenty-five years old. It is asserted, with what truth we know not, that the princess is an excellent musician and a capital cook; that she not only played the organ during a part of the marriage ceremony, but made her own wedding-cake!

Sunflowers were recommended by a commission of European savants, called by Bismarck, to rid the air of the taint occasioned by the heaps of dead near Paris. They considered the sunflower a valuable plant for that purpose, as having a great power of absorbing the nitrogenous matters in which the soil abounded. Also it is useful as yielding an excellent oil from its seed, a good forage from its leaves, and having a combustible stalk, which can be used for fuel.

Last November twenty-six Chinese planted thirty-four acres in Louisiana with sugar-cane, and have been steadily cultivating the fields since that time, with satisfactory results. At first they were awkward workmen, but soon improved so as to be better than the old hands.

A cool summer, comparatively, and a cool fall are predicted by Dr. Prestel, a German naturalist, who attributes the cold weather in Europe during the last spring to the frequency of aurora borealis and spots on the sun. He says that the same kind of weather, and a frequent occurrence of those phenomena, were observed in 1838, 1840, and 1860.

Congress, at its last session, passed a new law for the regulation of all vessels propelled by steam, and appointed eleven superintending inspectors to carry out its provisions. The law also provided that the Secretary of the Treasury should convene these inspectors, and submit the law to them for approval. The New York *Times* states that in February last these inspectors met in Washington, and approved of a large number of the provisions of the law, but the most important, those relating to the safety of boilers and to life-saving apparatus, they decided should not go into effect until January, 1872. Therefore the old law, so far as these two important items were concerned, remained in effect. The new law contains a provision that no boiler shall be allowed to carry more than two-thirds of the steam pressure to which it has been tested. Had this provision been put in effect at once, the late terrible accident could not have occurred. The exploded boiler of the *Westfield*, it appears, was only capable of a resistance of twenty-five pounds, yet twenty-seven pounds of steam were carried, according to the engineer's account.

Mr. Murray, of Adirondack fame, is represented by an excursionist who has met him in the woods as "brown and swarthy as an Indian, and looking as tough as the rudder-head of a Cape Ann fishing schooner."

We query how much our readers will profit by the suggestion, but it is said that if you drink sweet-oil, mixed with horse-radish, you can be bitten with impunity by a mad dog.

Lady Mordaunt, whose case attracted so much attention in London courts and London society some months ago, has for many months past been residing in the house of a physician of Chiswick, under the authority of a certificate of the Commissioners in Lunacy. Recently she was discharged from his care, having been reported by him to the Commissioners as a case of feigned insanity. She is now residing with her father.

In excessively hot days a room may be made comfortably cool by wetting a large cloth and suspending it. Let the ventilation be good, and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than an hour.

We question whether an American, with a limited knowledge of the Chinese language, could translate into that tongue the parable of the wise and foolish virgins any better than Choy Awab, a pupil in a Sunday-school at Washington, has Englished it. The following is his version:

"The kingdom like ten girls; never marry; they bring some lanterns; come out till some new-married man come that way. Have got five wise and five foolish. Five hold lanterns with no oil. Smart five all have oil inside. The new-married man come late; they sleep. By-and-by they all say, 'New-married man come!' All go out to him. Five makee nice lanterns. Five foolish say, 'You give my oil; my lamp no oil, you give my some.' The smart say, 'I no give you; I not enough; you go market buy.' Foolish go market to buy. The new-married man come. All come in to dinner. Shut the door. By-and-by the foolish come and say, 'Boss, boss, open door.' He say, 'I no likee you; you no my.' Must be smart, no understand the day."

Felix was the faithful but somewhat tyrannical valet of the late Baron Rothschild. It was his business to dress his master, and he did not allow his judgment upon matters of the toilet to be called in question.

"What sort of an overcoat is that, Felix?" asked the Baron one morning.

"That which Monsieur le Baron will put on to-day," answered Felix.

"But that which I wore yesterday pleases me better."

"That may be; but Monsieur le Baron does not know that the weather has changed."

"That does not matter; I would rather have the other."

"But Monsieur le Baron will put this on;" and, laughing, M. Rothschild had to put on the coat Felix had brought him.

Lawyers make a point of cross-questioning witnesses in a merciless manner. Sometimes, however, the former get the worst of it.

"William Look, who made you?" demanded a learned counselor.

William, who was considered a fool, screwed up his face, and, looking thoughtful and somewhat bewildered, replied,

"Moses, I s'pose."

"That will do," said the counselor, addressing the Court. "The witness says he supposes Moses made him; that is an intelligent answer—more than I thought him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of Scripture. I submit that is not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness capable of giving evidence."

"Mister Judge," said the fool, "may I ax the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"Well, then, Mister Lawyer, who d'ye s'pose made you?"

"Aaron, I s'pose," said the lawyer, imitating the witness.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness drawled out:

"Wa'al, neow, we do read in the Book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd 'a thought the critter 'd got in here?"

According to statistics it appears that the number of retail druggists in New York city amounts to five hundred, who, it is estimated, employ seven hundred and fifty prescription clerks. The fees derived from the examination and licensing of these druggists and clerks would amount to $22,500, and not to $100,000, according to the extravagant estimate that there are two thousand retail druggists and four thousand clerks doing business in New York. The annual expenses of the Board of Examination, it is stated, amount to $12,624, including the salaries of four commissioners at $2500 each, one clerk at $2000, and one messenger at $624. The fitting up of the offices with furniture and cases for drugs, tables and apparatus for manipulations, samples of pure and impure drugs and chemicals, and the other necessary expenses, it is contended would consume the residue of the receipts. Dr. Ogden Doremus, president of the board, is of opinion that the examination of druggists, if properly conducted, will remove incompetent persons, stimulate novices to a more thorough preparation, elevate the pharmaceutical profession, and afford the public increased immunity against mistakes.

Sleep is a miraculous remedy. One writer asserts that it will do much toward removing irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness; that it will cure insanity, relieve dyspepsia and hypochondria; that it will cure headache and neuralgia and a long list of nervous disorders. The habit of *sleeplessness*, is, however, not easily cured. It is often brought on by a severe illness, by long-continued watchfulness, by hard study, want of exercise, or the use of stimulants. The following points are considered requisite in breaking up this habit: A good clean bed; sufficient exercise to produce weariness; pleasant occupation; plenty of good air, and not too warm a room; freedom from too much care; a clear stomach; a clear conscience; and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

Thomas Jefferson prided himself on his horses. They must be of the best Virginia blood, and so carefully groomed that if a white handkerchief passed over their coats showed the slightest trace of soil the animal was at once sent back to the stable.

Paris is beginning to indulge in trials for minor offenses. In a late trial an old gentleman was accused of kissing a pretty girl in her teens. He alleged it was his weakness, and that, though soundly beaten by the father and mother, he offered to pay them one thousand francs to end the matter. Sweet sixteen, on being examined, declared she had not the slightest objection to being kissed, provided she were paid at that handsome rate.

The originator of the "Bloomer Costume" is now reported as living quietly, without either social or political ambition, in a Kansas town, busily employed in attending to a large family and a flourishing farm.

Salt is said to make a carpet look bright and fresh if sprinkled upon it before sweeping, and also to be a good preventive against moths.

Lemons will keep good for months if sliced when perfectly fresh, and packed in glass jars with a thick layer of white sugar between the slices.

It may interest some of our readers to know the curious nicknames which have been given to the States of the Union, or rather to the residents thereof. They are as follows: Alabama, Lizards; Arkansas, Tooth-picks; California, Gold-hunters; Colorado, Rovers; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; Delaware, Musk-rats; Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; Georgia, Buzzards; Illinois, Suckers; Indiana, Hoosiers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Kansas, Jayhawkers; Kentucky, Corn-crackers; Louisiana, Creoles; Maine, Foxes; Maryland, Craw-thumpers; Michigan, Wolverines; Minnesota, Gophers; Mississippi, Tadpoles; Missouri, Pukes; Nebraska, Bug-eaters; Nevada, Sage Hens; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; New Jersey, Blues, or Clam-catchers; New York, Knickerbockers; North Carolina, Tar-boilers, and Tuckoes; Ohio, Buckeyes; Oregon, Web-feet, and Hard Cases; Pennsylvania, Pennanites, and Leatherheads; Rhode Island, Gun Flints; South Carolina, Weasels; Tennessee, Whelps; Texas, Beef-heads; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Virginia, Beadles; Wisconsin, Badgers.

BY EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

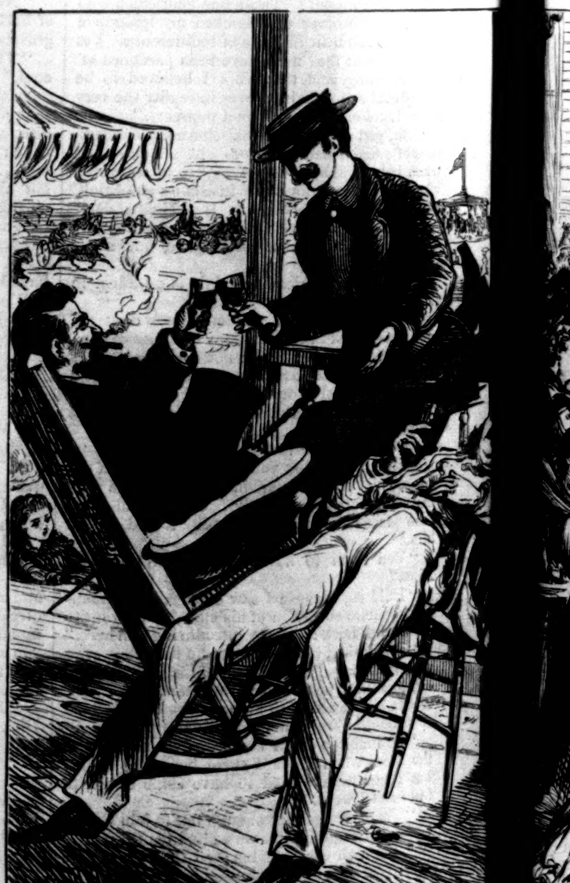
Tumbling in the waters,
  Rolling in the swell,
Splashing 'midst the breakers,
  Dashing in pell-mell;
Diving 'neath the billows,
  Sprawling in the spray,
What can be more jolly than
  The bathing at Cape May?

Here a hale old buffer,
  Laughing at the fun,
When a fat companion,
  Frightened, tries to run
From a towering breaker,
  Which, to his dismay,
Strikes him like a catapult,
  And lays him at Cape May.

There a plump-built matron,
  Short in petticoat,
Simpering like a maiden,
  Vainly tries to float;
With a cry appalling—
  'Gulfed in boiling spray—
Quick she turns a somersault
  In bathing at Cape May.

THE DINNER HOUR.

THE HALE OLD BUFFER.



GOSSIP, COBBLERS, ROMANCE.

Tumbling in the waters,
  Rolling in the swell,
Splashing 'midst the breakers,
  Dashing in pell-mell;
Doffing briny garments,
  Donning raiment gay,
Aching voids then filling from
  The table at Cape May.

Clattering of the dishes,
  Rattling knives and forks,
Jingling of the glasses,
  Popping of the corks,
Draining of the bottles,
  Stowing food away,
Don't we have a jolly time
  In dining at Cape May?

See that young dyspeptic—
  Mother's tender pet—
For each course voracious,
  Eye-teeth sharply set;
Then those fragile creatures
  Winds 'most waft away,
What an ostrich appetite
  O'ertakes them at Cape May!

ILLUSTRATED BY LUMLEY.

Now a foppish spooney,
  With mustaches dyed,
Quick to show his mettle,
  Plunges in the tide;
Breakers tumble o'er him,
  Spoiling his display,
Sneezing, he emerges from
  The waters at Cape May.

Here a rosy sea-nymph
  In the water laves,
Boldly mounts the billows,
  Dashing surges braves:
See the boisterous sea-king
  Kiss the watery fay;
Hear her laughter ringing from
  The billows of Cape May.

Hand in hand together
  Then a noisy band
Move forth in the waters,
  Bravely try to stand
'Gainst the shocks of breakers,
  Eager for the fray—
See them quickly scamper for
  The sand beach of Cape May.

FLIRTING AND CROQUET.

THE ROSY SEA-NYMPH.

THE LANCERS.

Time assassinating,
  To verandas drawn,
Lounging in pavilion,
  Smoking on the lawn;
Gossip, cobblers, romance,
  Flirting and croquet,
Till darkness drops its mantle
  O'er nature at Cape May.

Gathering in the parlors,
  Rustling of the dresses,
Fascinating features,
  Agitating tresses,
Gliding through the lancers—
  Gayest of the gay
Are the evening pleasures that
  We whirl in at Cape May.

Thus the fun continues,
  Morning, noon, and night,
Till our aching eyelids
  Ask for a respite;
Then we soundly slumber
  Till the break of day,
Only to again resume
  The frolics at Cape May.

THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

On our first page this week we give a picture of the Crown Prince of Prussia, his wife, and their eldest son. The Prince is deservedly popular among all classes of people, in his own country and abroad. He is not only one of the chiefs of an army which has accomplished a series of unparalleled triumphs, but he has conducted himself during the campaign with the utmost modesty and manliness. He was content to take his instructions from the great military chess-player, VON MOLTKE, his ears were open to every tale of suffering, and his hand was ready to relieve both comrade and foeman. Though the heir to a crown whose history is steeped in military traditions, he has consistently proclaimed himself a man of peace; and in all his benevolent efforts he has been seconded by the good sense, the liberal feelings, and the untiring kindness of his wife. In the picture the Crown Princess is represented attired in the uniform of her Black Body-Guard, and her son, Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM, as a lieutenant in the First Regiment of the Guards.

A YACHTMAN'S ROMANCE.

I.

THE London season was over, and a considerable number of its late celebrities were collected in various pleasant spots closely contiguous to the waters of the Solent. Blighted beings had repaired to Cowes, and shattered hearts to Ryde. Gentlemen who were, in popular parlance, about "done up," were enjoying themselves with a hilarity that might have betokened the zenith of worldly prosperity and commercial success in different crafts belonging to the pleasure fleet which covers the English Channel with animation during the months of July, August, and September. Of all social phenomena there is none probably more curious than that thus stated by a distinguished novelist: "How is it that men whom in their palmy days I have seen haggard, careworn, and dejected, by the simple fact that they are utterly and irretrievably ruined, suddenly become the most light-hearted and jolliest of mankind?" The explanation probably is reaction—reaction from the suspense of anxiety to the certainty of despair. Or possibly the philanthropists who propose to themselves the extinction of impecuniosity at a modest profit of eighty per cent. might consider that the true *raison d'être* was to be found in the fact that these volatile human wrecks are blessed with expectations in the background, and usually have a reversionary interest more or less available.

The scene is Ryde Pier, and the hour about 7.30 P.M. A pretty spot, and by no means an unfavorable hour for visiting it. Like Melrose, Ryde Pier and the view which it presents may be visited with signal propriety by the pale moonlight or in the pale twilight. The eternal promenade on the pier head, the perpetual accompaniment of brilliant music and interminable scandal, the ceaseless tide of demonstrative flirtation—these things are pleasant enough *per se*, but they have, no doubt, a tendency to become monotonous. It is a very different thing Ryde Pier after dinner. You can secure society without crowd, and company without effort. You may meditate *solus*, or *solus cum solâ* you may flirt. And the prospect is not without its charm. There in the Solent is the squadron of dainty craft, their sails furled, still and motionless at anchor, the lamp fixed to their mast-heads reflecting itself with a quivering motion in the tide below; and the whole effect being that of a marine illumination. A little further on and you can see the line of light on the main-land, and distinctly trace the terraces of Southsea and Portsmouth. If you turn round, you will see full in your face the little town of Ryde, alive with gas, and the windows of the Victoria Yacht Club all aglow. Then, probably, to enhance the sentiment of the moment, the strains of music steal upon you: and were it not that you are seasonably reminded of contingent rheumatic pains, you might be tempted to lapse into poetic reverie.

Mr. Jim Lawlesse, to address him at once by his familiar title, was scarcely a gentleman of a poetic temperament, yet from the prolonged intentness of his gaze upon the waters as he lounged across the railings of the pier, and the fact that he had suffered his cigar to become extinguished in his hand, he might, for all one could have told to the contrary, been meditating a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, or be speculating deeply on the philosophy of the unconditioned. Of that little yacht yonder (the one nearest the shore, with its tiny light twinkling from amidst its rigging—the *Sea Fan* was her name) Mr. Jim Lawlesse was temporary proprietor. Jim's friends were in the habit of saying that, having made the land too hot for him, he had taken to the waters; and there may have been reasons which rendered St. James's Street a slightly too public place for our hero. So Mr. Lawlesse had accepted an invitation from an old college friend to go on a yachting trip in the *Sea Fan*. But the *Sea Fan's* owner had been called away, and Mr. Lawlesse was the man in possession *pro tem.*

A boat containing a gentleman and two ladies pulled to the pier, and Mr. Lawlesse's attention was aroused. The party had come from the *Petrel*, about a mile out, and consisted of the proprietor of the *Petrel*, Sir Hedworth Dare, and his two daughters (who stood to each other in the relation of half-sisters, as Sir Hedworth had married twice), Edith and Kate. When Mr. Lawlesse went up to the two as they landed, it was pretty obvious that Sir Hedworth Dare would have been quite as well pleased had that gentleman not chosen to present himself, for the baronet regarded Mr. Lawlesse as a detrimental, and had a wholesome and parental horror of the class.

"Ah, Lawlesse! thought it was Moonington," said Sir Hedworth. "Said he would be here to meet us."

The Hon. Sam Moonington was eldest son of the heir of Moonshine, and desperately smitten with Miss Kate Dare. Sir Hedworth—so said Ryde society—was bent upon the match. The Hon. Sam was certainly a catch—so said the ladies; Moonington was an ass—so (somewhat abruptly) said the gentlemen in general, and Mr. Lawlesse in particular.

Jim, however, was not to be taken aback by this very tepid welcome, and walked down the pier with Sir Hedworth and his two daughters.

"Are you going to the ball to-night, Mr. Lawlesse?" asked Kate Dare. It happened to be within a few hours of the commencement of the Yacht Club ball.

Of course Mr. Lawlesse was going, and so was Mr. Moonington. That gentleman had just joined them: and so they all were. "And so we shall all meet again presently." And Jim Lawlesse sauntered off, after having bade the ladies an *au revoir*—in decidedly better spirits than when he had first met Sir Hedworth and the Misses Dare.

"I don't think I should mind backing my luck against that of the Honorable Sam," said Jim Lawlesse, as he proceeded to dress. Miss Kate Dare had promised Mr. Lawlesse the first waltz.

II.

The dance given by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was unusually and brilliantly successful that year—so said every body; and the ball is certainly one which, if for no other reasons than those of a spectacular nature, is well worth seeing. The elegant devices which convert a balcony into a corridor, the profusion of banners, the trophies of yachtsmen, the decidedly nautical features in the dresses of the ladies—all these add a charm which is exclusively their own to the affair.

Mr. James Lawlesse entered the room almost at the same time as the Dare party. On the arm of Sir Hedworth rested his eldest daughter, on that of the Hon. Sam Miss Kate Dare. The baronet's tone was more chilled than ever when he caught sight of our hero approaching in the distance.

Amidst an indescribable chatter, strongly flavored with marine jargon, the first quadrille was danced. Mr. Moonington's partner was Miss Kate Dare, his *vis-à-vis* the gentleman whom we have for form's sake christened the hero of this slight narrative. But the first quadrille, as even first quadrilles are some time or other, was over at last, and within a few minutes of its termination Mr. Lawlesse claimed the younger of Sir Hedworth's two daughters as his partner in the first waltz; and Mr. Moonington surrendered the lady who, without doubt, was the object of his affection and ambitions, certainly not with the best grace in the world. Miss Dare, however, was close by, and disengaged. Would Miss Dare give him, the Hon. Sam, the pleasure of that waltz? Most happy: and the pair whirled off. The eldest of Sir Hedworth's two daughters was far from displeased at the *contretemps*, and she determined to make the most of it. She did not see why the heir to the Moonshine peerage should be calmly appropriated for and by her younger and half sister. For her part, she could never quite understand what there particularly was to charm people in Kate. Besides, Kate had her time before her; she had only finished her first season, and Edith Dare's first season was an affair of the more or less long past. If Kate did not choose to know her opportunity, such a charge of ignorance should not be brought against Miss Dare. In plain truth, this young lady was as little pleased with her father as with her sister in the present matter. It would be no such bad thing, she thought, if the event should prove that the calculations of the former were at fault; as for Kate, the child was far too ignorant to calculate at all.

The fair partner of Mr. Moonington put forth all her powers—and they were not inconsiderable—to captivate and please. She suggested a walk in the corridor—it was so hot in the ball-room. Curiously enough Kate and Mr. Lawlesse had proceeded in the same direction only a few minutes previously. Curiously enough, also, the keen eyes of Edith Dare had noticed the movement.

"I think," said that young lady, in a low tone, "we will sit here, just behind that pillar. The air blows in so cool, and we have such a pretty view of the sea."

Almost immediately on the other side of the pillar were Miss Kate Dare and Mr. Lawlesse.

"Ah! Mr. Moonington, there, I declare, are my sister and Mr. Lawlesse. How very sentimental!" And Edith looked up into the face of the Honorable Sam, who, judging from his expression, was not particularly pleased. He looked in the direction indicated, and then turned again to his partner.

Under the shadow of the pillar Edith advanced with her cavalier a little nearer her sister.

"Romance, did you say, Mr. Lawlesse? I don't think there's much romance in the present century, least of all at Ryde. If you want romance, I think it would be necessary to search for it on far wilder waters than those of the Solent."

"I suppose," returned Mr. Lawlesse, who had evidently been reading "Ixion in Heaven," "that romance is to the romantic."

"And who is romantic nowadays?"

The pair were standing close together, and Mr. Moonington and his partner could distinctly see Mr. Lawlesse's hand laid upon Kate Dare's.

"I think, Mr. Moonington, we will go inside. It is getting rather chilly here—romantic perhaps, rheumatic certainly," said Miss Dare, in accents sufficiently audible to arouse the attention of her sister and Mr. Lawlesse.

"Hadn't a notion," remarked Jim, turning round with something of confusion, "that any body was so near."

The Hon. Samuel Moonington did not ask Miss Kate Dare to dance again that evening.

In her dreams that night, when the ball was over and the dancers dispersed, Miss Dare saw herself the Countess of Moonington; and if any thoughts visited her sister's slumber, I am disposed to fancy that they were principally relative to Jim Lawlesse.

III.

A beautiful morning, two or three days after the club ball: Ryde was thinning gradually; but among the visitors who remained were Sir Hedworth Dare, his two daughters, the Hon. Sam Moonington, and Jim Lawlesse, the latter of whom still waited the return of his friend, the proprietor of the *Sea Fan*.

Sir Hedworth Dare was going to take a morning's sail in his yacht, the *Petrel*. His two daughters were coming, and they were to be accompanied by Mr. Moonington. The baronet had noticed something of the events of the ball night, and Mr. James Lawlesse was discreetly omitted from the party.

Kate Dare was passionately fond of the sea, and was herself an excellent oar. She had told Jim as much the other night. She could not imagine, she said, any life more perfect than the yachtman's; and it must be allowed that the existence is not without its attractions. If you study independence, you realize it in a degree possible under no other circumstances. You go from place to place according to your own sweet will. The instant that a sentiment of boredom commences to creep over you, your anchor is weighed and the scene is changed. Hotels may charge prohibitory prices; lodging-house-keepers may drive their inmates to distraction; what care you? All that hotels and all that lodgings could supply you have close at hand, ready to your beck and call.

Sir Hedworth's party were on board the *Petrel*, and the yacht was just about to slip her moorings.

"Where's Kate, Edith?" inquired the baronet, not seeing his youngest daughter on deck.

"Oh, down in the cabin, papa—I suppose."

These last two words were added in a somewhat lower tone, and as she said them Edith rather blushed. She sat down, however, presently, next to Mr. Moonington, and was soon making the running at a speed not less than that of the good yacht *Petrel*.

"Tell Kate to come up," said Sir Hedworth, after he had leisure to think of other things than certain matters of purely nautical importance; and Edith Dare called for her sister down the companion-ladder. Receiving no answer, she descended into the cabin.

"Papa," she said, on returning, "I don't see Kate at all. I suppose at the last minute she made up her mind not to come."

This was not exactly the truth. Edith Dare had determined from the first that Kate should not be among the party, and to this end she had managed to divert her attention to something else at the moment they were leaving the house. Sir Hedworth was not satisfied with the explanation, and knit his brow. His younger daughter was his favorite, and, not being blind to the character of the elder, he did, in plain truth, suspect something of the ruse that had been executed; but he said nothing, and the *Petrel* went on.

Some person else had selected the present morning as a favorable one for a sail, and that was Jim Lawlesse. He had taken no companion, and was talking abstractedly to the master of the *Sea Fan*. The regulation telescope was suspended from his neck, and something impelled him to look through it in the direction of what seemed a black speck. He examined it again.

"Looks uncommonly like a boat; and, so far as I can make out, whoever is inside her is in distress, for it appears to me," said Jim, "as if they were making signs."

The master of the *Sea Fan* was of the same opinion, and the pair decided that they would "stand about" and try to get at the object.

"By Jove!" cried Jim, as they drew a little nearer, "it's a woman, I declare!"

And a woman it certainly was, evidently exhausted with the severity of her efforts to make headway against the waves. They were now within two or three hundred yards of the boat, and Jim ordered the yacht's pinnace to be let down, and said he would himself run up to this female Columbus.

"Miss Dare," cried Jim, as the pinnace touched the boat, "is that you? What on earth brought you here—three miles from the shore?"

"Oh, Mr. Lawlesse, I am so glad to see you, or some one. I was about getting exhausted, and thought—"

But Kate Dare was unable to say more, for she fell back in a dead faint.

Jim Lawlesse transferred himself into her boat and rowed to the yacht; and when Kate Dare next became sensible she found herself lying in the ladies' cabin of the *Sea Fan*, with Mr. James Lawlesse at her side.

"How very kind!" were her first words, and "How very fortunate!"

"It was certainly fortunate that I should have seen you, but there is no kindness," said Jim. "Don't speak till you have quite recovered."

The recovery was not long delayed, and Kate Dare commenced to tell Jim Lawlesse exactly what had occurred.

"You know," she said, "that we—that is, papa and Edith and Mr. Moonington—were to have gone out for a sail in the *Petrel* this morning. Well, I was dressing, and thought I had plenty of time, when, on looking out of the window, I saw the yacht starting. I was determined not to be robbed of my cruise, so I hurried and went down to the water, and got into the little boat. You see, they were close to me. The *Petrel* didn't seem to be more than a hundred yards ahead, and I thought that I could easily attract their notice. Besides, I had imagined, naturally, that they would discover I was left behind, and I thought most likely they would put back for me. However, I couldn't manage it, and I rowed on and on, and when I looked back the shore was ever so far behind, and I didn't know what to do, and I only hoped some person would pick me up—and at last you did, and I am really more obliged than I can say."

Jim blurted out some disclaimer in reply, which does not materially affect the course of this narrative.

It was decided that the best plan would be to steer for home immediately, and to land as near Sea View as possible, where Sir Hedworth Dare's house was situated.

"People talk so absurdly in Ryde," added Miss Kate Dare, as an argument to clinch the plan.

When the shore was reached there was scarcely a person visible. Two persons, however, had noticed the disembarkation from the *Sea Fan*. One was Edith Dare, and another Mr. Moonington.

"If that does not convince him, nothing else will," thought Miss Dare.

Miss Dare's wish was accomplished, and before the house was reached the heir of the earldom of Moonshine had declared himself.

"Where on earth is Kate?" said Sir Hedworth, as he met Mr. Moonington and his newly gained *fiancée*.

"We have just seen her, papa, landing from Mr. Lawlesse's yacht," was the sisterly reply.

"The devil you have!" replied the baronet, *sotto voce*.

"Ah! here they come, I declare," added Miss Dare. "Hope you've had a pleasant sail, Kate?"

"Kate," said Sir Hedworth, as that young lady was bursting out into all manner of ejaculatory explanations, "I want to speak to you at once. I am surprised," continued the baronet, when the library was reached, "that you should have acted as you have done; that you should have given me the slip in the dishonest manner you did, simply to do a most improper thing—go out in the yacht of a young man to whom you know I exceedingly object. As for his conduct, it is simply disgraceful. I don't understand it, upon my soul I—"

"Oh, papa! what do you mean?" burst in Kate. "Mr. Lawlesse has saved my life." And Kate narrated to her father all that had occurred. The baronet's face changed more than once in the course of his daughter's story.

"Go up and dress for dinner, Kate. I will go and thank Mr. Lawlesse."

Sir Hedworth met that gentleman standing on the steps of the porch.

"No thanks whatever are due, Sir Hedworth," replied Jim. "I'm only sincerely grateful that I saw your daughter when I did."

"Don't go, Lawlesse," continued the owner of the *Petrel*. "Come and stay dinner." And so saying Sir Hedworth turned aside to speak to his eldest daughter, whom he saw coming.

"Edith," he said, "I should like to know what you meant by telling me that Kate was in the cabin this morning?"

"Really, papa, I knew nothing to the contrary. I'm glad she was in more agreeable society. But Mr. Moonington is in the library, and I know is anxious to see you. He is calling you—pray go!"

Later on that evening there was another interview—this time between Sir Hedworth and Mr. Jim Lawlesse. It was entirely satisfactory. Kate had spoken to her father in the interval on the subject of her lover. Jim had made, and would make, no declaration without Sir Hedworth's consent. That consent was given.

"Lawlesse, you have not only saved my daughter's life, you have acted, as I have heard from her, in a manner infinitely creditable to yourself."

"Kate," said Jim to his affianced bride, before they parted that night, "don't you think I was right, and that there may be romance even close to Ryde, and on the waters of the Solent, after all?"

IN THE FAR WEST.

IN some of the more remote settlements of the far West, where Uncle Sam's mail arrangements have not been brought to the perfection and regularity that characterize them here, the arrival of the mail-carrier is an event of immense importance. The Indians have, perhaps, gobbled up the previous one, or it has been delayed at the last station for want of a military escort, and anxious hearts have wearied with expectancy. Right welcome is he when he comes, with his homely but precious burden of stout and mud-bespattered pouches filled with letters and papers! Hungry for news from the distant world, the settlers gather in eager groups about the carrier, and watch impatiently while he opens and sorts the mail. What emotions are stirred up by those creased, torn, and worn letters! by those musty old newspapers, which have seen hard times crossing oceans and continents, but faithfully turn up at last at their rightful destination! He who has not lingered in the wilderness knoweth not what famine and thirst for news—for just one clause of news—is. The great silence of forest and mountain vale is beautiful and sublime; but it is a silence which at last becomes so oppressive to man that to him it seems as though loaded with lead and heavy with awful concealment. The rare and loving message from the distant clime comes with a peculiar balm, and yields a peculiar inspiration in the desola-

tions of a Western settlement. It rouses the feeble and refreshes the weary; it makes a summer's morning of a wintry day to all the little far-off colony. So much the heavier, if the message be of death or misfortune; then the summer's morning and the vividly brilliant Western sky become dreary wastes and an unpitying and mocking firmament. Let the New Yorker, whose papers come night and morning every day in the year, imagine such a scene as this!

The second illustration on page 796, "Crossing a Cañon," presents one of the manifold difficulties with which the buffalo-hunters have to contend. There are deep gullys among the hills, whose sides are too steep for horses or oxen to draw the wagons down; and, to get over them, it is necessary to make pulleys of the humanity present, and to haul the wagons up or let them down by means of strong ropes. The men in the foreground appear to be lowering the wagons into the gully, while, on the other side, the oxen are dragging another up out of it. At last the narrow gorge is passed by all hands, the hills are passed, and you emerge into a pleasant, undulating country on the table-lands, where there is but little forest, and the vegetation is mostly of a soft grass and furzy brush. Here, perhaps, by the side of some pleasant, refreshing stream the wagons are halted, and the horses or oxen turned loose from them, a substantial though homely meal is partaken of, and all hands mount and rendezvous at the starting-point of the hunt.

In the picture on page 789 the party have reached the higher land, and have suddenly halted. Not far off has appeared, on the crest of a hillock a little above them, the first buffalo, which has gladdened their eyes and made the pulse of all beat faster. There stands the monster, stock-still, gazing at them with the strong, steady, majestic gaze of his tribe. He is the forerunner, outpost, picket, of his particular herd, browsing and keeping guard on the frontier of their domain. A great, tough-ribbed, hard and hairy headed, and bearded bull, he is one of that outer circle of buffaloes which is always found around the cows and young, who browse in the centre of this circle, which consists of the males. He watches for two enemies; for the white or Kiota wolf—a cruel, sly, rapacious beast, which infests the haunts of the buffaloes, and stealthily pounces as he may upon their young, their feeble, or their wounded—and for man, in the shape of Indians, who vie with the Kiota in their cunning and their greed. For, while the white man boldly, with true Anglo-Saxon grit and love of "a fair fight and no favor," attacks the buffalo face to face in open day, the red man resorts to stratagem to entrap his prey. He poisons his arrows, and conceals them in his breast; he envelops himself in the Kiota's skin, and imitating the sneaking movements of the wolf, will follow and hang about a herd, often for miles, biding the moment of assault. When they get within proper range the Indians suddenly rise to their feet, dart forward with their lightning speed—they are the swiftest runners on earth—and thrust their arrows again and again through the coarse-haired hides of their victims. The Indian is tiger-like in his ferocity when hunting the buffalo: his eyes gleam, his mouth foams, and his hideously painted countenance fairly glows with the heat of his passion.

ODD CHARACTERS.

IN "Bewick's Life and Letters," a very entertaining book, we find many anecdotes of celebrated characters. Of Wilkie, the painter, it is said that he was tall, ungainly, and awkward in his manner, and, though not quite deserving the description of Mrs. Flynn, the beautiful housekeeper at Castle Howard, who spoke of him as the "ugliest man she had ever seen," he was by no means the golden-haired Adonis his fellow-countryman, Allan Cunningham, would have liked to make him. He had rather a drawling, hesitating speech, and when in close argument would forget himself, and the twang of his Northern tongue was very strong. Indeed, he was never quite free from it, although he could not be persuaded that it was possible for any one to discover by his speech that he was Northern, and he sometimes got out of humor when told of it. Haydon would laugh at his provoked expression when he twitted him with his Scotch accent, and Wilkie would insist on his pronunciation being "pure English." Haydon would cry out, "Ha, ha, ha! what a delusion!" and as Wilkie became warm and vexed his native Scotch was evident enough. Haydon could then repeat and imitate the broad intonation of a particular expression Wilkie had, in his heat, allowed to slip out. When he found that he could not edge off or get out of it in any way, Wilkie would laugh too, and return the quiz upon the Devonshire peculiarities by saying, "Well, and *yew tew* are Devon*shiere*, and fancy, like Northcote, that you speak pure English."

We are told of Hazlitt that the good people of Melrose, when he walked leisurely through the town for the first time, and alone, turned out in a body to watch his return, that they might have a sufficient opportunity of scrutinizing his person and belongings. He found them in ranks or groups in front of their dwellings, gaping and staring at him, as he told me, "like so many idiots." Instead, however, of taking no notice of this provincial attention as complimentary to his popularity, he was highly offended at the liberty taken with him as a stranger, and he made a full stand, fronting round to the principal position of the enemy, and, with a countenance full of scorn and indignation, he addressed them in a loud and thundering voice: "What the devil do you see in me, you staring hawbucks? Can not a stranger walk through your town without exciting this vacant and impertinent curiosity? What is there for you to see, you gaping Scotch ninnies?"

There is a capital sketch of Maturin, who, by sticking a red wafer on his forehead, used to signify to his household his desire to be undisturbed, when he wished to be considered under the influence of poetic inspiration. The author of the tragic and once harrowing romance of "Melnoth" greatly surprised our author by his costume, appearance, and manners. "Coming to him by appointment, I found him waiting for me, dressed up for the occasion, a courteous and finished gentleman, pacing his drawing-room in elegant full dress, a splendidly bound book laid open upon a cambric pocket-handkerchief, laced round the edges, and scented with eau-de-Cologne, and held upon both hands; a stylish new black wig curled over his temples, his shirt collar reaching half-way up his face, and his attenuated cheeks rouged up to the eyes! It was a perfect make-up, and my chagrin was exceedingly great. I had expected to find him in a costume which would have been such as to aid the poetical character—in something Byronic and picturesque—something suggestive of the personification of a wild and romantic hero, cast in the sombre light and shape of mysterious thought or ascetic asperity."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have given from time to time an account of the different enterprises in the way of polar explorations which are in progress or in contemplation for the present year on the part of the United States or European nations, especially the German and Swedish; and we now learn from Dr. PETERMANN that the Russian government is likely to join in the same field. During the summer of 1869 a zoological expedition was sent out by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences to the polar seas, and a deep-sea and coast fauna was discovered of a richness scarcely inferior to that of tropical waters. In this three hundred species of invertebrates were obtained, belonging to both parts of the Atlantic fauna; and the collection generally tended to prove the existence of a branch of warm water at but a slight distance from the Murmanian coast, the ultimate extension of which was not ascertained. To utilize and extend still farther this new discovery, it is contemplated on the part of the Academy to organize and send out a thoroughly equipped scientific corps; and a committee has been appointed, with Mr. WOJEIKOW as chairman, to draft a plan and to give form to the enterprise. There is as yet no special indication of an actual commencement of operations, and it is quite probable nothing will be done during the present year. It is thought, however, that by another season an arrangement will be perfected and carried out on the part of Russia to secure a share in the rich reward of discovery which has fallen to the lot of other European nations within a few years past.

Mr. FELIX LUCAS, a French engineer, proposes to obtain a very powerful electric light for coast service, at a comparatively small cost, by making the light intermittent, with intervals of two seconds. By this means it is said that only one 10,000th part of the electricity for a constant light will be required. A simple arrangement of clock-work causes the charcoal points to come in contact every two seconds, and then separates them sharply, so as to break the current instantaneously. It is thought that this system will be found useful not only for piercing fogs at sea, but also for railway signals.

Mr. HARRIS has recently presented to the Anthropological Institute of London a collection of wood-carvings, pottery, and cotton rags from Macabi Island, off the coast of Peru. The rags extended over a bed of many hundred yards in area, with an average thickness of five feet, and below a deposit of several feet of guano. The wood and pottery were discovered at a depth, in the guano, of from fifteen to forty-five feet.

The members of the well-known firm of GODEFFROY & Co., of Hamburg, have become quite celebrated for their zeal in natural history, and the extent to which, in connection with their mercantile operations, they carry on explorations of little-known regions. The specimens obtained in this way are becoming well known in Europe, and have already furnished types of many new species. The recent pages of the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London" contain descriptions by Drs. HARTLAUB and FINSCH of a collection of birds made by Mr. KUBARY in the island of Savai (one of the Navigator Islands), and another in Rorotonga (one of the Cook and Hervey group) by Mr. GARRETT, a gentleman who was for many years in the employ of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, but who for two years past has been in the service of Messrs. GODEFFROY in the Paumotu Archipelago and the Viti group. A large collection made by Mr. GARRETT in the latter locality was unfortunately lost by shipwreck.

The transportation of sand from Africa to Italy, France, and the Canaries by means of hurricanes has frequently been observed and referred to in scientific journals; but a transfer of salt, as recently reported to have taken place in Switzerland, is perhaps a more unusual phenomenon. According to Professor KENNGOTT, of Zurich, a hail-storm lasting five minutes occurred at eleven o'clock in the morning of the 20th of August, 1870, the stones from which were found to possess a salty taste. Some of them weighed twelve grains. They were found to consist essentially of true salt, such as occurs in Northern Africa on the surface of the plains, mainly in hexahedric crystals or their fragments, of a white color, with partly sharp and partly rounded grains and edges. None of the crystals were entirely perfect, but appeared as if they had been roughly developed on some surface. There seems little doubt but that their source was precisely the same as that of the sand, having been taken up and brought over the Mediterranean Sea from some part of Africa.

A still more remarkable phenomenon has been recently recorded by Professor EVERSMANN, of Kasan—namely, the occurrence of hailstones each containing a small crystal of sulphuret of iron. These crystals were probably weathered from some rocks in large quantity, and were then taken up from the surface of the ground by a storm, and when carried into the hail-forming clouds served as a nucleus for the formation of hailstones.

The latest report from Tasmania in regard to the experiments for introducing salmon and trout into that country, shows that while the success of the cultivation of both is extremely probable, the existence of trout of large size is unmistakable. A writer to the London *Field* states that he has frequently seen them weighing as high as ten pounds, while those from one to three pounds are common enough. A few sea trout have also been taken in the rivers. It is believed that the salmon experiment has also succeeded, fish having been seen playing in the Derwent that could be nothing else. None have been taken, however, during the present year, and it is thought that it will be some years before salmon-fishing will be worth very much.

An attempt is now being made by the trustees of the Alexandra Park, in England, to revive the ancient sport of falconry, prizes having been offered for the two best essays on the most effectual mode of accomplishing this object. It is thought that the hawks best suited for the purpose are the peregrine falcon and the goshawk.

In the recently published proceedings of the American Philosophical Society we find a more detailed account than has yet appeared of the contents of the remarkable post-pliocene bone cave of Port Kennedy, near Philadelphia, of which we have already made repeated mention. This, as may be remembered, was first explored by Mr. CHARLES M. WHEATLEY, of Phœnixville, and part of the material collected placed in the hands of Professor COPE for elaboration. In the present paper we have fuller indications of the results than heretofore; and we learn that thirty-four species of mammals, in all, have been obtained, nearly all of them extinct species, and a large proportion of them new to science. Of birds there are two species, a turkey and a snipe; also two species of tortoises; three or four of serpents; and a few batrachians. Of insects there are thirteen species of coleoptera, and two or three of other orders. In summing up the results obtained from these investigations, Professor COPE calls attention to the inference already drawn by himself and Professor LEIDY as to the great difference in character between the post-pliocene fauna of North America and that of previous portions of the tertiary period; and the fact that, while the miocene mammalia are more or less similar to those of miocene Europe and Asia, and the pliocene vertebrata have a corresponding resemblance to those of the same period of Europe and Asia and the present one of Africa, the post-pliocene resemble, in many particulars, those of South America.

As, therefore, the difference in these faunas is too great to have been produced in so comparatively short an interval of time by evolution, if this be admitted as an element, we must look to marked changes in the relative distribution of land and water for the cause. It is, therefore, supposed that during the pliocene period, when the geographical affinities of America were westward, especially with Asia, a continent existed in the region now occupied by the Northern Pacific, which formed a connection between the two lands, over which migratory movements could take place.

The difference from the South American fauna, at the same time, indicates also a separation by water, and the probable absence of any connection between Costa Rica on the one side and the higher lands of Colombia on the other. The occurrence then of the glacial epoch brought about the destruction of the pliocene fauna, while, at the same period, the connection with Asia was severed by the submergence of this Northern Pacific continent. At the time of the northward retreat of the ice-sheet mammalian life was probably extinct in North America, and a renewal could not be obtained from either Asia or Europe, as these were cut off by water; but the concomitant elevation of Panama and other portions of Middle America furnished a bridge over which travel could be accomplished. In this view is explained the preponderance of South American types in the post-pliocene period; since, of the remains from the Port Kennedy cave, out of thirty-four we have eleven belonging to purely South American forms, eleven genera common to both hemispheres, and nine of doubtful position.

Again, a further modification of the fauna has been effected by the change of level which took place between the time of the introduction of the post-pliocene fauna and the present period, this consisting in an extensive submergence of land, especially in arctic latitudes. This, according to Professor DANA, as quoted by Professor COPE, was 450 feet or more near Montreal, and in the arctic regions 1000 feet. This descent of level Professor DANA considers to have been the cause of the melting of the glacial ice, the stratification of the drift, the deposition of gravels, and elevation of temperature, all these changes naturally preceding the introduction of post-glacial fauna from a warmer region. The Champlain epoch is regarded as opening the post-pliocene, and its fauna to be represented by the walrus, which extended its range to Virginia, the reindeer, reaching to New Jersey, and by the white whale.

Mr. RAMON DE LA SAGRA, the author of an extensive and costly work upon the natural history of Cuba, died recently in Switzerland, at the age of seventy-three years.

Among the recent deaths of prominent personages may be mentioned that of ROBERT HOUDIN, the eminent prestidigitator, and especially well known in later years for the variety and excellence of his arrangements for turning electricity in its different forms to practical account, for making signals, striking bells, etc.

It is announced that Dr. BURMEISTER, late director of the Museum of Buenos Ayres, instead of returning to Germany, as was stated, is to take charge of the faculty of natural sciences in the newly founded University of Cordova, in the Argentine Republic. The professors of this faculty are Messrs. STELZNER, for mineralogy and geology; SIEWERT, of Halle, for chemistry; LORENZ, of Munich, for botany; HOLZMÜLLER, of Merseburg, for mathematics; and Dr. B. A. GOULD, of the United States, for astronomy. The chairs of physics and zoology still remain to be filled.

Mr. PENGELLY informs us, as the result of a critical inquiry on the subject, that under unobjectionable conditions, and at the same station, less rain will be received by a rain gauge high above the ground than by one nearer the surface; second, that the total defect will increase with increase of height; and third, that the defect will not increase so rapidly as the height.

Dr. BUYS BALLOT, the eminent director of the Meteorological Observatory of Utrecht, has been lately urging the Portuguese government to establish a station in the Azores, to be connected with the general system of European meteorological observatories by a submarine cable which will shortly be laid in that direction. By the reports of southwestern gales that can be obtained in this way, it is expected that an ample premonition of their approach can be given to the British Islands and Western Europe. This will greatly improve the system of weather forecasts as now attempted in Europe, and make them approach more nearly in accuracy to those of the United States Signal Corps, which have astonished every one by their reliable indications. This accuracy is due to the fact that most changes in the weather begin in the west and extend eastward; and the greater the distance to the westward over which such observations can be made, the more time will be given, of course, toward the east to prepare for the impending changes.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GENTLEMAN seeing an Irishman removing an embankment from a dwelling, inquired, "Patrick, what are you doing?" "I'm opening the cellar window, to be sure." "And what are you doing that for?" "May it please yer honor," said Patrick, "to let out the dark."

A crazy man having got into the gallery of the Senate of the United States during a rambling debate, was taken out, the sergeant-at-arms telling him that he was "out of place in that gallery." "That's so," said the lunatic; "I ought to be on the floor with the Senators."

A dealer in fertilizers down in Alabama, bragging of his guano, says a farmer recently put a sample of it into his pocket, in which there happened to be a carpet tack, and started home on horseback. Before reaching his house his steed broke down, and the farmer was at a loss to discover the cause until he found that the carpet tack had grown to be a long bar of railway iron.

During a recent representation of "King Lear" at one of our metropolitan theatres an old gentleman from the country, who was visibly affected by the pathos of some of the scenes, electrified the house by roaring out, "Mr. Manager! Sir, alter the play! I didn't pay my money to be made wretched in this way. Give us something funny, or I'll summon you, Sir!"

In an old English primer the whole edition was printed with the omission of the letter c at the beginning of the last word in the third line, as follows:

"When the last trumpet soundeth,
We shall not all die;
But we shall all be *hanged*
In the twinkling of an eye."

"Fanny, don't you think that Mr. Bond is a handsome man?" "Oh no—I can't endure him. He is homely enough." "Well, he's fortunate, at all events; an old aunt has just died, and left him fifty thousand dollars." "Indeed! is it true? Well, now I come to recollect, there is a certain noble air about him, and he has a fine eye—that can't be denied."

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge; remember that." "I shall not be frightened, then; for I never knew you to pay any thing that you owed."

The last modern instance of absence of mind is that of the Vermont wagoner going to market, who lifted his horse into the wagon and tackled himself into the traces, and he did not discover his error until he endeavored to neigh.

A Portland man has sued his barber for cutting off his mustache. He sues for exemplary damages; but the barber says he did not see any mustache to speak of.

"I wish I was a ghost—blamed if I don't!" said a sweep, as he was soliloquizing in the cold the other morning. "They goes wherever they please, toll free. They don't owe nobody nothin', and that's a comfort. Whoever heard tell of a man who had a bill against a ghost? Nobody. They never buy clothes and wittles, nor has to stand shivering in the cold till Sally lets 'em in."

What is the difference between a coal bucket and a fresh cod-fish?—One is a coal hod, and the other is a whole cod.

"This is nice butter, my boy," said a Crown Point store-keeper to a twelve-year-old urchin who had brought a pailful of that article to market—"nice butter. I'll take all your mother has to sell." "I don't believe she'll sell any more," said the boy, "'cause I heard her say she wouldn't have sold that only a rat fell into the cream, so she didn't want to use it herself."

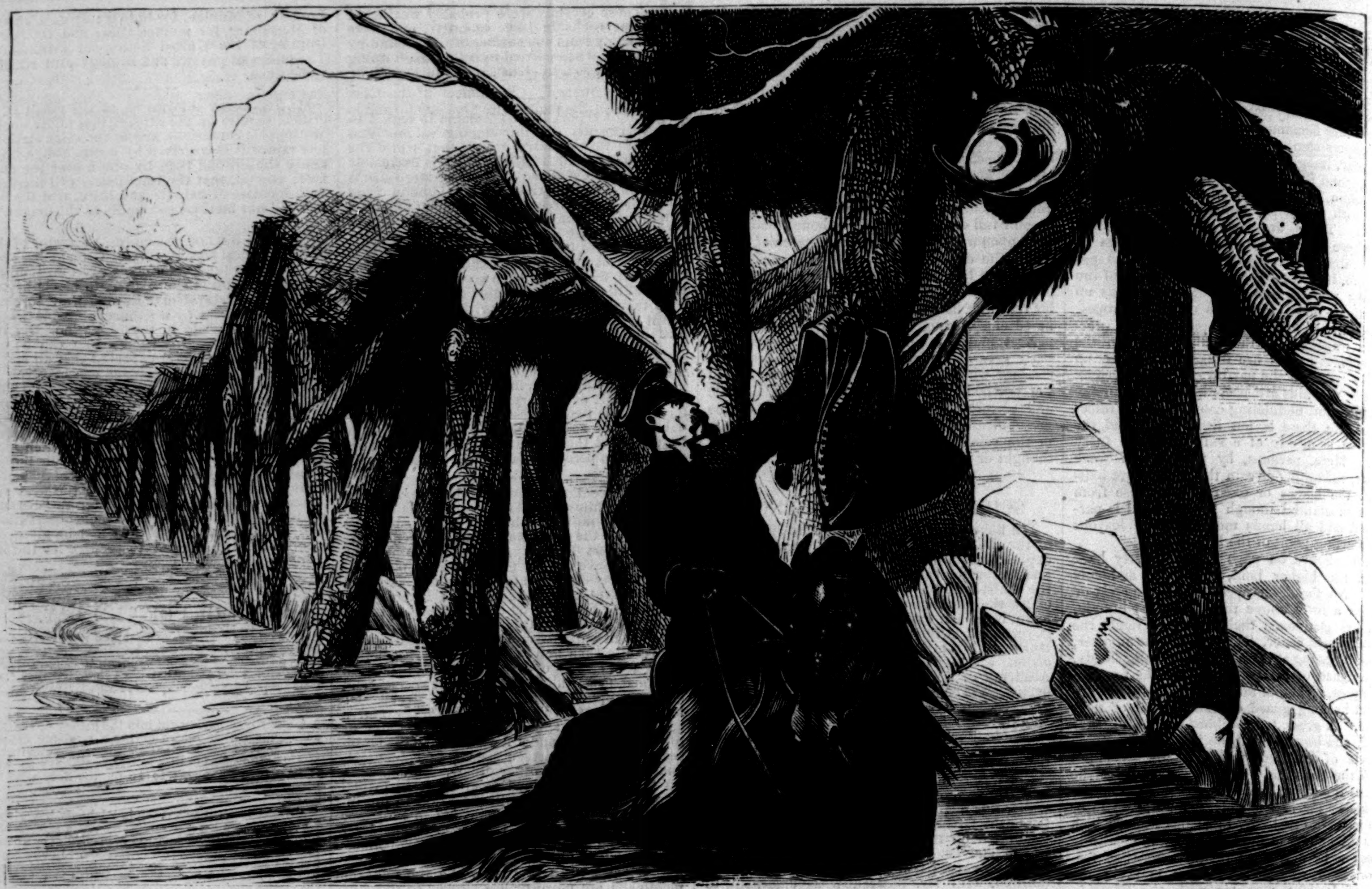
At Lawrence, Kansas, a few Sundays ago, while a minister was holding forth in a church, a crowd got up a cock-fight in the yard. The congregation went out to stop the fight, but waited till it was over before objecting. The minister, when they returned, said, "We are all miserable sinners—which licked?"

They tell of a farmer in Kentucky who was so lazy that when he went to hoe corn he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plants.

A Western paper, describing the *début* of a young orator, says: "He broke the ice felicitously with his opening, and was almost immediately drowned with applause."

Cardinal Wiseman used to tell a good story of practical art criticism. At the Manchester exhibition was a large fresco of the death of Absalom. On the one side was seen the Jewish prince hanging by his hair from the branches of an oak; on the other was a mule he had been riding galloping away, wild and scared. Two men, evidently of horsey proclivities, looked at the picture a long time in silence; at length one of them exclaimed: "Well, he deserved it! What a stupid fellow he must have been to think of riding such a vicious brute as that with nothing but a snaffle!"

A crusty old gentleman of Aberdeen, not liking the way his landlady's daughter had of making free with his hair-oil, filled his bottle with liquid glue the day before a ball to which the girl had been invited, and she staid at home.



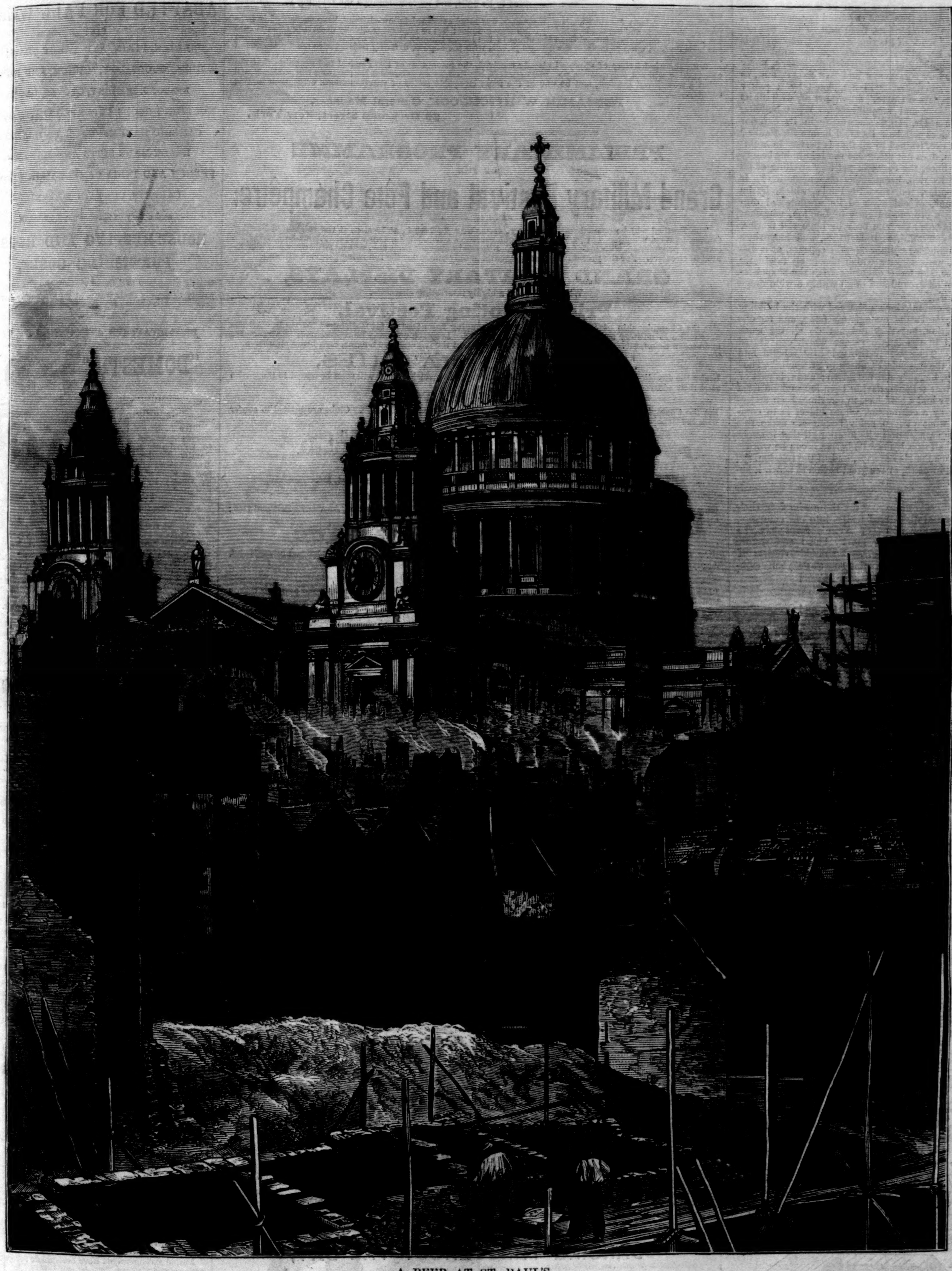
IN THE FAR WEST—CARRYING THE MAIL.—[SEE PAGE 794.]

IN THE FAR WEST—CROSSING A CAÑON.—[SEE PAGE 794.]

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL was built by Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN on the site of an ancient edifice of the same name destroyed in the great fire. The dean and chapter at first attempted to patch up the ruin, and Bishop SANCROFT appears to have preached for some months in a temporary choir hastily fitted up at the west end. Three thousand and odd pounds were spent in repairs, but WREN had at once seen that the ruin was beyond repair, and the bishop soon came round to his way of thinking, for he writes to WREN as follows in 1668: "Our work at the west end of St. Paul's is fallen about our ears. Your quick eye discerned the walls and pillars gone off from their perpendicular. You are so absolutely necessary to us that we can do nothing, resolve on nothing, without you." Thus WREN was called in, and the work of clearing away the ruin of the old fabric began. From the very first the rebuilding of the Cathedral was assumed to be a national work. It rested not, writes the late Dean MILMAN, in his "Annals of St. Paul's," with the bishop, the dean and chapter, or the City of London. The king, the whole nobility, Parliament, without demur, recognized the paramount duty of erecting a splendid cathedral, worthy of the metropolis, worthy of England. Letters patent under the Great Seal were issued ordering the erection of a new cathedral, "equaling, if not exceeding, the splendor and magnificence of the former when it was in its best estate." The warrant states that the "king has seen and approved a design for the new cathedral by Dr. CHRISTOPHER WREN, Surveyor-General of our Works and Buildings, and has ordered a working model to be made thereof." A number of the chief dignitaries of the realm were appointed commissioners "for the rebuilding, new erecting, and adorning the said Cathedral Church of St. Paul in London." The cost was to be defrayed partly by public subscriptions to be raised throughout the kingdom, partly by taxation of the cities of London and Westminster. The king headed the list of subscribers with £1000 from his privy purse, but it does not appear that he ever paid it; the primate gave £2000; the other bishops, or many of them, also subscribed largely; but the funds were mainly drawn from a coal tax paid by the metropolis.

The first stone of the new St. Paul's was laid on the 21st of June, 1675; and it was thought a memorable omen when, not long afterward, WREN, engaged in setting out the dimensions of the great dome, and calling for a flat piece of stone to lay upon the ground as a mark, was supplied by one of the masons with the fragment of a grave-stone with only the word "*Resurgam*" cut upon it in large capitals. WREN dug his foundations deep, for, as he said, he wished to build for eternity. The quarries of Portland supplied him with materials. He organized an



A PEEP AT ST. PAUL'S.

admirable body of workmen, and in 1697, only two-and-twenty years from the laying of the first stone, the choir was opened for divine service, and in the year 1710 Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, by the hands of his son, attended by Mr. STRONG, the master-mason who had executed the whole work, and the body of Freemasons, of which Sir CHRISTOPHER was an active member, laid the last and highest stone of the lantern of the cupola. Thus by one architect and one master-mason St. Paul's was built in thirty-five years. WREN, it is true, was thwarted in some details, but the exterior was, from first to last, the unfettered work of his single genius; and this it is which has given St. Paul's that beautiful unity and simplicity of design which St. Peter's, nobly planned by BRAMANTE and SAN SALLO, and, as FORSYTH writes, "ill completed by a paltry plasterer from Como," falls short of, with all its dimensions and magnificence. What building —to use Dr. MILMAN'S words—in its exterior form, does not bow its head before St. Paul's? What eye, trained to all that is perfect in architecture, does not recognize the inimitable beauty of its lines, the majestic yet airy swelling of its dome, its rich, harmonious ornamentation? It is singular, too, that St. Paul's, which, by its grandeur, of old asserted its uncontested dignity as a crown and glory of London, now that it is invaded far and near by huge tall fabrics, railway termini, manufactories, and magazines with immense chimneys—still appears, at a distance, with a grace which absolutely fascinates the eye, the more exquisite from the shapelessness of all around and of all within a wide range about it.

The commissioners charged with the building of St. Paul's did enough for fame, and for one generation, but they did not do all the work named in the letters patent which constituted them. They were directed to "rebuild and adorn the Cathedral Church of St. Paul." They rebuilt, but they did not adorn; and this part of the great scheme, having been left undone for a century and a half, has, in our time, been undertaken by a committee, whose object is to complete what was so nobly begun—to make this sublime structure in its interior all that it ought to be, all that it must be before it can be worthy of its own noble exterior, and of the religion, the art, the wealth, of the great nation to which it belongs.

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To Butcher's Cart..........First Premium, New Cart, $150.
To Butcher's Cart..........Second Premium, Harness, 50.

CARTMEN'S (2 Horse Truck) RACE—Trot.
First Premium, New Truck, $300..........Second Premium, Harness, $100.

GROCERS' RACE—Trot.
First Premium, New Wagon, $200..........Second Premium, Harness, $50.

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First Premium, New Wagon, $200..........Second Premium, Harness, $50.

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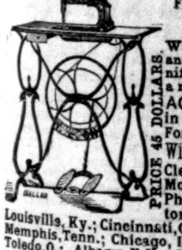

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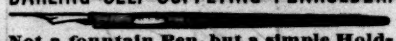

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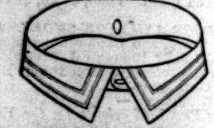

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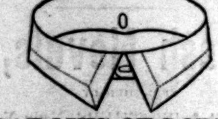

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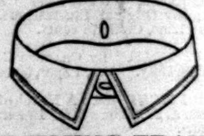

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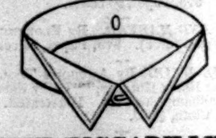

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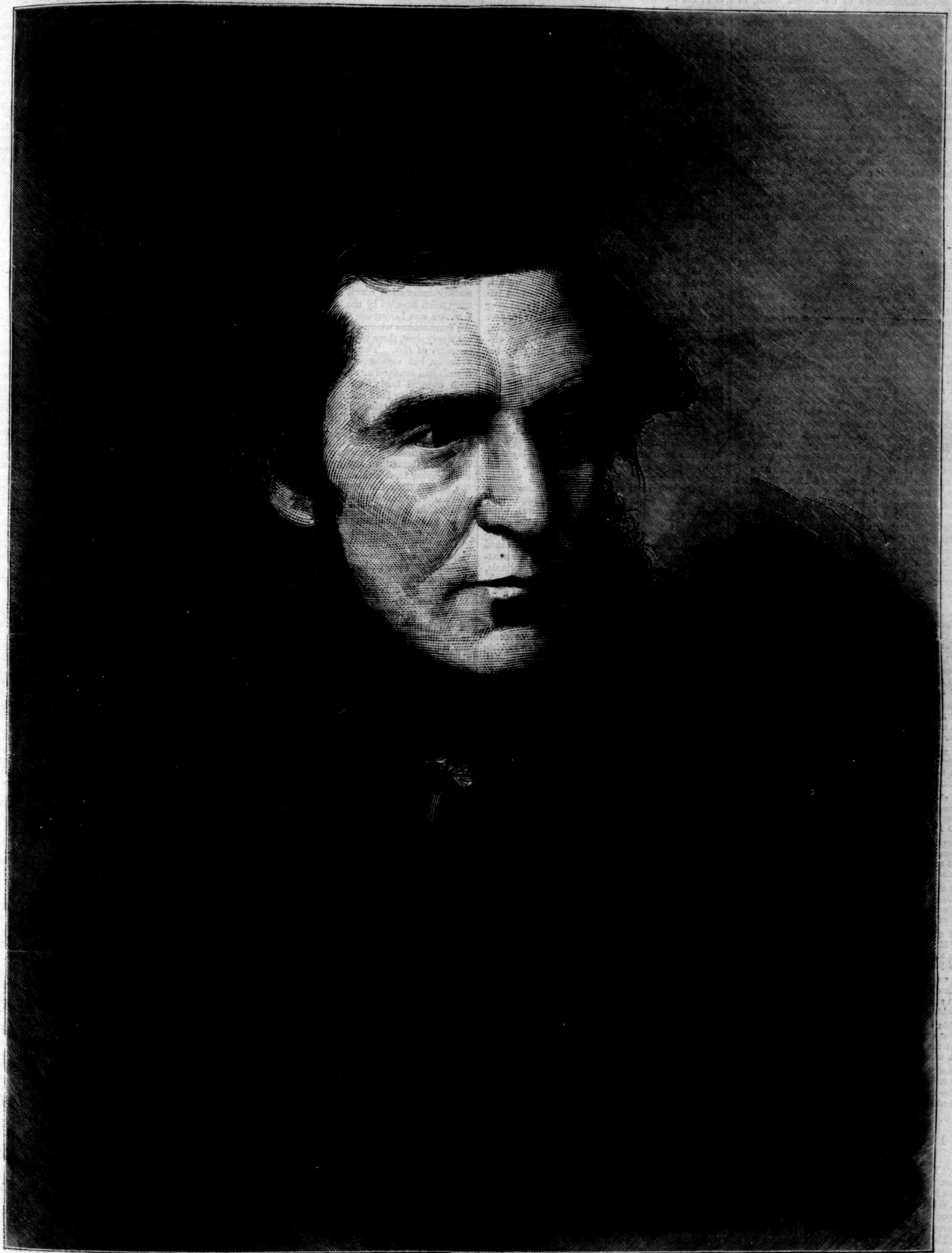

J. A. FROUDE, THE HISTORIAN.

J. A. FROUDE.

THE historian of England as it was in the sixteenth century may be reckoned as one of the foremost leaders of English public opinion of the present day. His moral earnestness, his great mental abilities, and high literary attainments, have gained him a wide measure of authority among those who share in his political and religious opinions.

He was born at Darlington, near Totness, in Devon, England, the place where Sir WALTER RALEIGH passed his youth; and his birthday, April 23, 1818, fell on the anniversary of SHAKSPEARE'S. He is the youngest son of the late Venerable Archdeacon FROUDE, of Totness. He received his education at Westminster School and at Oriel College, Oxford. There he took his M.A. degree with classical honors, won the Chancellor's prize for an English essay in 1842, and gained a fellowship of Exeter College. He took deacon's orders in 1844. He wrote some of the "Lives of the Saints" for the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN. The first separate work published by him, under the assumed name of "Zeta," was a little volume, in 1847, entitled "Shadows of the Clouds." It contained two short essays in fiction, "The Spirit's Trials" and "The Lieutenant's Daughter." Both these little sketches were of a theological tendency.

Mr. FROUDE'S next publication was likewise a work of fiction, which appeared under his own name, and which instantly made him famous. This was the celebrated "Nemesis of Faith," a book that raised a tremendous storm of alarm and indignation among Churchmen. Some of those good people were scandalized by the condition of Oxford. Tractarianism and infidelity, they declared, were dividing between them what was most precious in the highly educated youth of England in that abode of learning. They asked what was to become of the Church, when the son of an eminent archdeacon, himself a fellow of a college and bred for the clerical profession, could put forth such confessions as those of Markham Sutherland? It was, of course, assumed that the author meant to declare thereby his own beliefs and feelings with regard to the authority of the Scriptures and the chief doctrines of the accepted creed.

As he explained in his preface to the second edition, which he published in 1849, the story he had written was a tragedy, not a confession of faith. It had no element of autobiography in its composition. It represented "the shiftings

and changings, the vacillations, uncertainties, and self-contradictions of an honest mind, in which the energy of character was disproportionate to the intellect." Markham Sutherland, the unhappy hero, is supposed to have been ruined by a rigid and bad system of compulsory belief. The religious feelings implanted in his childhood have not been allowed to grow up freely and naturally, but have been forced into an inextricable connection with doctrinal and historical statements, and with "early Hebrew mythology," which he finds himself unable to accept. His conscience and moral self-control are weakened by the loss of religious sentiment, and "he sinks into a selfish coward." Such is the author's account of the subject and purport of this book. It is certainly not of an immoral or irreligious tendency. Its touching eloquence, its captivating grace and force of style, its dramatic force and descriptive beauty, with the refined sensibility of its characters, atone for its defects of artistic form.

Mr. FROUDE at length left the clerical profession, and devoted himself entirely to literature. He became a writer of history, of discussions in political and ethical philosophy, and of literary criticism. The *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine*, both of which had received some of CARLYLE'S earliest essays, became FROUDE'S channels of communicating his thoughts upon these subjects. After some years' occupation in this way, he published, in 1856, the first two volumes of "The History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth." The third and fourth volumes appeared in 1858; the fifth and sixth in 1860. These brought the history to the death of Queen MARY. Six more volumes have since been published; the last two came out in 1870, with an altered title—"The History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada." It was intimated at the same time that the author had given up his first intention to finish the reign of ELIZABETH, which did not end till fourteen years later. But, taken by themselves, these six volumes, forming the latter half of his entire work, may be regarded as a separate history of the reign of ELIZABETH. The work has been very sharply criticised, and the author's estimate of the character of HENRY VIII. is generally regarded as erroneous and extravagant.

MARIAN MAY.

MARIAN MAY was our hamlet's pride,
Worthy a queen to be,
For of all the maids in the country side
Was none so fair as she.

Her hair was like silk, and her eyes like wine—
Liquid and dark and deep;
They sparkled and danced in the broad sunshine,
Or melted in rosy sleep.

Lovers by scores for her white hand sighed,
Of high and of low degree;
And many came riding from far and wide,
Her sweethearts fain to be.

The squire had plenty of golden store,
Such as for him was meet;
And he wished no better, and asked no more,
Than to lay it all at her feet.

But she put his gifts and his vows aside;
Laughing, and out spake she,
"I never was born for a rich man's bride,
So I can not mate with thee."

The parson he came, with his face so grave,
Gentle and sleek and prim,
And said the best way her soul to save
Was to take and marry him.

But she only opened her eyes full wide,
Wondering, and quoth she,
"Were there never a man in the world beside,
You'd be far too good for me!"

The colonel he swore a right round oath—
"Little one, be my wife!
I've scars, and a pension enough for both,
If you'll share a soldier's life."

He vowed that he would not be denied,
Low on his bended knee;
But she tossed her head with a pretty pride,
Said, "I never will wed with thee!"

Robin came back from the sea one day,
Out of the distant West,
And the child with whom he used to play,
A woman he clasped to his breast.

She sobbed and kissed, and she laughed and cried—
"Welcome, my love," said she;
"For woe and for weal, and whate'er betide,
I will fare the world through with thee!"

DELAUNAY'S DELIVERANCE.

I.

"YOU'RE a kind master, Sir, Heaven knows! You never turns a key nor asks a question, or else I'd tell you to suit yourself."

With this awful threat, enforced by as majestic a courtesy as her portly frame permitted, Mr. Delaunay's housekeeper swept from the apartment.

The gentleman to whom these words were addressed stared, with a comic helplessness, at the closed door for several minutes after the speaker had departed. Their dispute related to some question of privilege, in which Delaunay had endeavored—as usual, feebly and unsuccessfully—to assert his prerogative as master of the house. It is all very well to say, "Why not have taken the woman at her word, and initiate the 'suiting' process himself?" But good housekeepers are not to be had by the mere holding up of the finger, and none knew that better than he. Our modern servitors appear to consider that "knowing your ways" is a sufficient warrant for any insubordination; so Mrs. Gunton took her own course, as she had done dozens of times before.

The scene of this little episode was a snug semi-detached villa not a hundred miles from Notting Hill. The owner, young in years but old in habits, was a confirmed bachelor, whose chief anxiety in life was how to get through his income of fifteen hundred a year. "Easy enough," you will say. But when a man has few wants and inexpensive tastes, it is not so very easy, after all.

The son of a country gentleman, Charles Delaunay's history had been one of prosaic respectability. The Charterhouse, Sandhurst, a commission in the Line, had succeeded each other in due course. Then came the Crimea, where his aspirations after military renown were completely set at rest by the receipt of a ball in the leg when toiling up the slope of the Alma. Afterward, invalided home, sale of commission, death of parents, accession to property, Notting Hill, and Mrs. Gunton.

I have hinted that he had few wants. The catalogue of his amusements was equally brief. Cards, billiards, etc., he did not actually detest, but regarded them simply as so much misdirection of mental power. Betting he *did* abominate; and as for horsemanship in his own person—the Russian bullet (still unextracted) barely allowed him to walk, much less ride. Thus he fell back on his books and his pipes. Naturally shy, too, he had few friends of his own sex, and absolutely none of the other. Indeed, were it not for one or two rich aunts who made him periodical visits of a lengthy duration, he would long ere this have suppressed even his present modest establishment, and, like other wealthy anchorites, burrowed in chambers in the Albany. But circumstances had decided him in setting up his *lares* and *penates* where we find him.

If he had made up *his* mind, however, to subside at six-and-thirty into solitary arm-chair and slippers, there was another person who was equally determined that he should do nothing of the sort.

Mr. Delaunay had a next-door neighbor.

There is nothing remarkable in that. People who live in semi-detached villas must lay their account upon having next-door neighbors. What is an all-important matter, though, is, who or what the individual in such close proximity may be. Respectability granted, your next-door neighbor may be, for instance, a Radical, while you are a Conservative; in which case the effort to avoid politics when you talk over the garden-wall will cause the conversation to be constrained and uncomfortable to the last degree. Your next-door neighbor may keep objectionable animals, may annoy you in fifty different ways. Altogether, you may consider yourself lucky if you get a next-door neighbor exactly to your mind.

Mr. Delaunay was supremely indifferent on the subject. His books were to him wife, companions, neighbors, and all. Of course he could not be blind to the fact that an attractive-looking lady, whom forty summers, as the phrase goes, had touched but to adorn, was the occupant of the adjoining residence. She had been installed a fortnight when my story commences. A distant, though gentlemanly, salute—when such was unavoidable—was all the cognizance he took of the matter. In fact, his thoughts were running upon other things. Even if they were not, and he had endeavored by reserved manners to decline further intimacy, he would never have made a greater mistake in his life. For, truth to tell, the glossy raven hair of his next-door neighbor was decorated with that tasteful muslin structure so becoming to the brow of her Majesty the Queen, but against the wearers of which the elder Mr. Weller so solemnly warned his son. Need I say that Mrs. Cassilis was a widow?

Of course she had only taken the premises with the intention of letting furnished apartments—of course. Her handsome furniture, the belongings of her last matrimonial speculation, corroborated that impression, as she intended it should. Every one knows that widows have no other than primary motives in all their doings—every one. True, with reference to taking in lodgers, there are saturnine people who insinuate that the object of the fair devotees is less to take in others than be themselves taken in—permanently. But if one took upon trust every thing that saturnine people choose to say, one would never believe any good of one's species at all. Mrs. Cassilis was too wary to unfurl her colors suddenly even before the abstracted eyes of her next-door neighbor; so she contented herself for the present with assuming an exceptional demureness of demeanor, in accordance with the humor of her victim. Thus it came to pass that, though the china roses trained round the drawing-room window of Number Nine mingled lovingly with the honeysuckles at Number Ten, the respective occupants of these genteel residences held as little communication as if a hundred miles had parted them.

There was, however, one into whose unwinking eyes all Mrs. Cassilis's dust was thrown in vain. Mrs. Gunton sniffed the danger. With the instinct of her tribe, she was perfectly aware that the dainty Parisian *chaussure* of the charming widow covered the cloven hoof; or, to use her own words, "That woman didn't come to live there for nothing." In vain had various little artifices of Mrs. Cassilis's been tried upon the housekeeper. As well might she have essayed to make the lamp-post at her door dance to a penny whistle. The old woman knew on which side her bread was buttered, and would have none of her. More than that, all intercourse between the domestics of the two establishments was by Mrs. Gunton sternly prohibited. Altogether, it was not an agreeable state of things subsisting between the dwellers in these two semi-detached villas at Notting Hill.

II.

Delaunay, as already mentioned, had few friends; so few, indeed, were they, that he could count them on the fingers of one hand. He was, for instance, favored with the visits of the inevitable old school-fellow—the school-fellow, I mean, who is perpetually in want of half crowns, consequent upon his ill success in life. This poor creature, in whose beaten look, alcoholic breath, and general shabbiness no one could have recognized a smart Carthusian of former days, found a ready sympathizer in Delaunay. (How few there are of us, alas, who have not such an old school-fellow!) Not one whit less cordial, however, was our Notting Hill anchorite to this person than to another ancient playmate in very different circumstances—Captain Friston of the Blues, who, with his huge mustache and stalwart figure, was the *beau idéal* of a guardsman. These two men, together with a distant relative, Charlie Lovegrove, an ordinary swell about town, were the only callers to disturb Mrs. Gunton's serenity.

It is with this Charlie Lovegrove that our narrative is concerned. Like many other young gentlemen of independent means, he had nothing whatever to do, and did it most perseveringly. This may seem like a joke; but you can have no idea what hard work it is to do nothing, till you have tried it. This sort of work had occupied him for some years, when an incident befell him which happens to most people once in their lives, with more or less of happiness to themselves. He fell head over ears in love. I trust the coarseness of the sentence will be pardoned for the sake of the adequate idea that it conveys of the absorbing infatuation which seizes upon some natures when assailed by the tender passion. Such a nature was Lovegrove's. And certainly, in all the amusements wherewith he had sought to pass his weary time, there was none of the novelty and intensity of *this*. The object of his regard was a lovely, but slenderly-dowered, maiden, whose friends had snapped at the rich catch, and forthwith ordered her to encourage his attentions. The poor young lady had no choice but to obey, though she entertained not the least liking for her suitor. (Who *could* fall in love with a barber's block?) Yet no one could say that the suitor was not a gentleman, though so destitute of any particular characteristic; so an engagement was formed, to the great disgust of some manœuvring female relations of his, who resided too distant from the scene of action to be able effectually to interfere. Poor fellow! he little thought, in his infatuation, that the love-dream which had so stirred his sluggish nature was soon to be dissipated forever.

Lovegrove's *inamorata* was one of a delightful class of young ladies—so limited, alas! in number—who are pretty, but not proud. Such a conjunction of qualities is not a common one, I admit; its rarity only renders it the more charming. In her case the result was probably, in some measure, owing to the retired manner in which she had been brought up. Something, notwithstanding, is ascribable to natural disposition, for which, on her behalf, I claim every credit. Her unsophisticated grace of manner, joined to her fresh beauty, had come upon Lovegrove's jaded senses like a waft from paradise, subduing him utterly, though he could not appreciate the more solid good qualities which she undoubtedly possessed. As regards personal appearance, picture in your own mind a charming figure, excellent taste in dress, a profusion of glorious golden hair, and you will have an exact portrait of Stella Cawthorne.

Of the various modes adopted by a gracious Providence in shaping our life destinies, the most frequent is the sudden occurrence of events trivial in themselves, but exerting a lasting influence on our future happiness. One such so-called triviality was this very morning awaiting Stella, who, tempted out by the fineness of the weather, had resolved on a stroll, with the object of communing with her own thoughts apart from interruption. Her ultimate intention was to visit a confidante of her own age and sex residing in the neighborhood of Acton. It is not an unusual thing, I believe, for young ladies in like interesting positions to resort to bosom friends, with whom they can compare notes. There is nothing that the dear creatures so much delight in as sympathy, and also nothing in which they are more lavish. It would be well if we of sterner mould more closely followed their example.

We will now return for a few moments to Mrs. Gunton. That excellent but irascible person had barely settled her ruffled plumage in her own sanctum ere she began to repent of the hastiness which she had displayed. Never before had she presumed so far on her employer's meekness. True that, up to the present moment, he had submitted with the utmost docility; but every one knows that the worm sometimes will turn. Then the idea dawned upon her that it was an uncommonly good place which she was risking by her petulance. Suppose Mr. Delaunay should take her at her word and procure for himself another housekeeper? Or, worse still, fall a prey to the widow next door? In either case her (Mrs. Gunton's) ignominious defeat would be the inevitable result. Altogether, Mrs. Gunton was "sorry she'd spoke," and would have given a large slice out of her very considerable savings if her words could have been unsaid or recalled.

It may be supposed that her apprehensions were not allayed by shortly afterward hearing the street-door bang loudly behind her retreating master, who was leaving the house evidently in a tiff.

Scarcely had the echoes ceased in the paved hall without, when a gentle tap at Mrs. Gunton's door preceded the entrance of the house-maid, apparently brimful of some piece of intelligence which she was anxious to communicate. Then ensued a muttered conference, in a low tone, between the two women. As it progressed, the visage of the elder underwent a marked alteration, and at its conclusion the roseate flush which erewhile suffused her cheeks had fled, leaving behind a look of the blankest consternation.

III.

The pleasant western suburbs wore their most attractive aspect on that July morning. The same delicious breeze which chased the white clouds across the sky shook the summer foliage merrily, as Stella, lost in thought and heeding nothing, passed on her way. Glances of male admiration were by her as little noticed as envious or quizzical stares from sister belles—and certainly the cool impertinence with which English young ladies take stock of each other is astounding. It was all the same to Stella. Her dress and figure being perfection, she never had any thing to fear from hostile criticism. But on the present occasion her thoughts were occupied by a far more absorbing topic. So the glossy hair floated unchecked on the wind, as the fair owner, with her eyes fixed on the ground, debated in her own mind the pros and cons which suggested themselves. Could she be happy with this man, who had nothing but his money and his looks to recommend him? Yes; surprising as it may seem to many of my fair readers, Stella exacted something more than these in a husband. Of his temper and disposition she knew simply nothing; which is about as much as is known by most people of each other during the period of courtship. A lover's assiduity may for a time conceal defects; yet Stella could not suppress ever so little a shudder as she reflected that the regular features of Lovegrove might, for all she knew, cover a brutal heart.

It may seem a queer transition from this, to mention that in the street in which Stella then was there resided a certain butcher who had a fancy for killing his own meat. On the morning in question, two white-faced Herefordshire oxen, the property of this tradesman, were pursuing their devious course in the direction of his premises. The bright scarlet petticoat worn by our heroine attracted the attention of one of these mighty beasts, to the exclusion of boys, dogs, and other objects which ordinarily distract cattle on their passage through the thoroughfares. Scarcely was the object perceived by the animal than he manifested an intense desire for a nearer personal acquaintance, by instantly galloping toward the wearer. There arose the usual uproar—shouts, screams, confusion. To escape such unwelcome attentions, the young lady naturally rushed to the nearest refuge. There were no shops handy enough for the purpose; therefore Mr. Delaunay's front garden, which happened to be close at hand, became the sanctuary. The animal, not to be balked, followed closely after. Under the circumstances, what could Stella do but dash at the slightly open French window before her, enter the room, and slam the glass door in the face of her bovine admirer? After moodily sniffing about, the monster consented to depart by the way he had come, leaving his intended victim half fainting in a chair.

A few minutes' repose sufficed to restore her. Then came the question, Where was she? Upon whose privacy had she so unceremoniously intruded? The ox, of course, would be an all-sufficient excuse. Perhaps the best thing she could do would be to follow it by retreating in the same direction. A safe interval had elapsed. The creature had already been driven away. Then, as she glanced round the apartment, curiosity overpowered every other feeling. What a very odd-looking place! So unlike the generality of drawing-rooms. No knickknacks, no Berlin-wool work, no antimacassars. Little else but books, books, varied by a solitary fishing-rod in one corner, and a silver-mounted revolver above the mantel-piece. Next, becoming bolder, she ventured to examine one of the volumes on the table. This she discovered to be by a favorite author of hers—delightful!—but turned by the slovenly student face downward, to mark where the reading had been suspended. Then, with a blush, becoming suddenly aware of the absurdity if not rudeness of her conduct, she returned to the window, with the intention of making her exit thereby. In vain; the fastening was immovable. She had herself, in her fright, so effectually secured it, that now her utmost efforts failed to reopen it.

The position was an awkward one, certainly. No matter, it admitted of explanation. Meantime there would be no harm done if she resumed her perusal of the book until such time as the lady of the house would, doubtless, make her appearance.

Now, many people in a like predicament would have been nervously apprehensive of being mistaken for what they were not—pickpockets, swell-mob, what you will. But Stella, without being strong-minded, had sufficient confidence in her own innocence to be above such fears; so that, the first perturbation over, she ceased to think of the peculiarity of the situation. For the present, therefore, we will leave her deep in one of Mudie's latest, and see what Mrs. Cassilis has been doing.

At no time are inveterate plotters more dangerous than when they mask their proceedings under assumed indifference. The Macchiavelli in bombazine with whom we have to do was no exception to the rule. To look at her, you would have thought, as the phrase goes, that "butter would not melt in her mouth." But, for all that, she was working in the dark, and to some purpose. Her present move was to get rid of Mrs. Gunton. As a first step in that direction, she had caused to come to the ears of the housekeeper a certain rumor to the effect that Mr. Delaunay was by no means the eligible bachelor that he appeared to be; that, on the contrary, the apparition of a deserted wife appearing on the scene at any moment to demand her rights, was an event not only within the bounds of possibility, but of probability also. Under cover of the consequent confusion, Mrs. Cassilis decided to make what engineers would call her "approaches." Nothing was easier than to set the report afloat by allowing it to ooze out as a profound secret, which might safely be trusted to go the way which such profound secrets usually do. The agents for its transmission were ready to hand in the servant-maids—a class who, all prohibitions not-

withstanding, *will* tittle-tattle to the end of time. This it was which had destroyed Mrs. Gunton's equanimity. This was the spectre at her feast of prosperity. And when you come to consider the embellishments which the original fiction had very likely received before reaching its destination, her alarm was well warranted.

Our heroine was disturbed in a close perusal of the book which she held in her hand by the sudden entrance of one of the maids. Stella was about to address her, when the girl, uttering a loud shriek, fled from the room—carrying to Mrs. Gunton, in the back premises, the startling piece of news that their expected mistress was in master's study! Upon receipt of this information, Mrs. Gunton, all smiles and hand-rubbing, lost no time in presenting herself before the stranger.

"Ahem!" coughed Stella, "I—I wish to explain—"

"Exactly, ma'am," was the response. "Just so."

"What a nice motherly old person!" thought our heroine.

"Poor thing! How young she is! The monster!" were the sentiments simultaneously passing through the brain of Mrs. Gunton.

"I presume that I am speaking to—" said she, blandly, but pausing for the other to fill up the sentence.

"The mistress?" said Stella, half interrogatively.

"Then it's true," was the unspoken thought of the housekeeper.

"You may consider it very extraordinary," said our heroine, again breaking ground, "very extraordinary indeed; but I assure you that a very few words will explain every thing to your satisfaction."

Mrs. Gunton felt convinced in her own mind that not few, but a great many, words would be expended before the matter could be settled.

"Pardon me," continued Stella, as much surprised by the old woman's silence as by the peculiar expression of her face; "but can you inform me in whose house I am?"

"Well, ma'am," blurted out Mrs. Gunton, "I suppose we must call it yours, now you've come!"

"Mine!" cried the young lady, aghast, and doubtful of her companion's sanity.

"Yes, ma'am—certainly, ma'am," was the deferential reply. Then, fearful of further committing herself, the speaker courtesied herself out of the room.

Before Stella could recover from her astonishment, a loud ring at the bell announced another arrival. The new-comer addressed Mrs. Gunton in a voice strangely familiar. Who could it be?

"Never mind," said the voice, laughingly, in reply to some observation of the housekeeper's. "I dare say I shall not quarrel with them, whoever it is."

The door opened, and there stood—Lovegrove!

IV.

No words, no recriminations, passed between those two; not the least sign of greeting, or even recognition. If there was a momentary welcome on the lady's part, it was quickly suppressed before the look in the eyes of her lover—lover no more. In that look there was less of anger than of contemptuous astonishment. It was a look far more expressive than words. Stella, unconscious of wrong, unconscious of her equivocal situation, returned it steadily. Alas! the calmness of innocence was mistaken for the shamelessness of guilt, as Lovegrove, after a long, keen stare, turned silently on his heel and left the house.

Our heroine knew instinctively that the engagement was at an end; and yet how, why, or wherefore, she was at a loss to imagine. If she had greatly cared for this brilliant butterfly of fashion, she would most likely have found refuge in tears; but that look had touched her pride. One thing she was determined on—to escape as quickly as possible from her present position. She would gladly have cleared up the mystery, inclusive of the odd expressions which had fallen from the old housekeeper; but no good could arise from remaining where she was; so—the window. This time her more determined efforts sufficed to unclasp the fastening; and she was about stepping forth, when a figure presented itself before her—the figure of Delaunay.

That worthy gentleman was in a state of considerable bewilderment. In the first place, he had just had a curious meeting with his friend and relative, Lovegrove, who, for the first time in their lives, had refused his proffered hand with scorn. Unaware of any cause of quarrel between them, Delaunay was so stupefied at this behavior that the other had strode off beyond recall before an explanation could be demanded or accorded. Next, here at the window of our friend's own study was a beautiful apparition facing him, and evidently regarding him as an intruder; for Stella, seeing that her escape was cut off, determined to conduct herself with dignity to the end of the adventure. Was it to be wondered at, therefore, that he stammered and stuttered and looked the criminal which he certainly was not?

His first thought was, that he had come to the wrong house; that this young lady was a friend of his next-door neighbor's, the widow.

"I ask pardon," he began; "the fact is, I live next door. The houses are so very much alike, that—"

"Pray don't mention it, Sir," said Stella, politely, but intensely amused by the turn affairs were taking.

Then she thought within herself, "Who could this bearded, sheepish-looking man be?" Prepossessing he certainly was, in spite of his awkward manner; in spite, too, of his rough shooting-coat and wide-awake hat. Mechanically he sat himself down without invitation. The young lady also seated herself, eying him curiously.

He had such a puzzled look that Stella, notwithstanding the previous intensity of her feelings, could have laughed outright. She contrived, however, to suppress her merriment.

Hitherto his eyes had been fixed on her face. Presently withdrawing them, his glance wandered round the room with somewhat of an air of recognition.

"Yes," he murmured, "those books—I ought to know them well."

Then he rose from his seat and began to inspect several other articles, still murmuring softly, "Yes, yes," as he laid his hand upon each of them.

Stella began to be alarmed. The man's conduct grew momentarily more suspicious. What if he should be a lunatic? His saying that he lived next door was all fudge. He might be a burglar, too, for all she knew to the contrary.

This last hypothesis had no sooner occurred to her than it was immediately confirmed by a proceeding of Delaunay's. The objects lying about which till now had attracted him were scarcely of a portable nature; that is to say, could not be carried away with sufficient concealment. It was different with a handsome gold hunting-watch and chain which were reposing on the table. This he actually pocketed, muttering, as if in a dream, "Most certainly. How came it here?" The same operation and the same words occurred in connection with a gold pencil-case and a diamond ring.

Then our heroine thought it high time for action on her part. Stealthily possessing herself of the little silver-mounted revolver previously alluded to, she planted herself before the window. Just in time, too, as it happened; for the man moved in the same direction, again talking to himself—"Perhaps I had better ascertain from the outside. Most certainly."

Judge of our friend's astonishment on being confronted with the leveled tube of his own pistol! Accompanying the action were the words, uttered in a firm but silvery tone, "Most certainly *not!*"

Never before had he seen any thing so beautiful. The erect figure, but very little shorter than his own, the quivering nostrils, the dilated eyes, the magnificent pose of the head—all conspired to fill him with admiration. It was as if he was gazing on Diana, Minerva, and Venus combined in one perfect form.

But he quickly remembered the hair-trigger of the pistol—a fact which sent his classical recollections to the right-about in double-quick time.

"My dear young lady, I'll do whatever you desire; but, for Heaven's sake, lower that barrel!"

She complied. Next, in reply to his look of amazement, she exclaimed,

"You don't suppose that I'll permit such an impudent robbery before my very eyes? Sit down and empty those pockets of yours immediately!"

He did as he was told, meekly.

The incident of the pistol had, however, recalled him to himself; and as he gave up his own watch, his own ring, and his own pencil-case, his sense of the ludicrousness of the situation got the better of his gravity.

"You carry it off gayly," observed Stella; "but don't imagine that will help you. I advise you to make no attempt at escape, or—" here she again raised the weapon.

"By no means," he answered, hastily.

On seeing him so submissive she half repented of her severity. He, on his side, desiring nothing better than a prolongation of the scene, decided to defer the inevitable explanation a little longer. Gradually they fell to talking upon other topics.

A very few minutes' conversation were sufficient to convince Stella that it was no ordinary burglar with whom she was *tête-à-tête*. Indeed, she could not resist a sentiment of pity that such a superior man should be driven to so discreditable a means of obtaining a livelihood. His information she found, on further examination, to be extensive; his manners, divested of their first *gaucherie*, pleasing and gentlemanly; when he spoke upon a subject which interested him, his countenance became positively noble. After a time she began to doubt whether he was a burglar at all!

Observing her embarrassment, Delaunay redoubled his efforts to please; efforts which he was gratified to observe were soon crowned with success. (This high-bred, intelligent gentleman a burglar? How utterly absurd!) The interview had barely lasted half an hour when, between you and me, she was considerably more in love with the burglar than she had ever been with her old admirer. Where both parties are pleased with each other, the process of mutual ingratiation is rapid. While our two friends, therefore, are progressing toward the understanding which we desire, let us again look after Mrs. Cassilis.

Of course the widow had been duly informed of the arrival which she had predicted; but knowing, for the best of reasons, its falsity, its baselessness, she was as much alarmed as puzzled. "Who could the woman be?" she asked herself. Some impostor, perhaps swindler, perhaps pickpocket. The idea of any other adventuress having a finger in the pie was insupportable. For a long time she worried herself with vain speculations. To all her inquiries over the garden wall the answer was, that Mr. Delaunay had not returned, that nothing was known about him. Finally, her curiosity became so unbearable that she determined to ascertain for herself how the land lay.

Bonnetless, shawlless, she swiftly passed out of her own door, and knocked at that of Delaunay's. Brushing hastily past the astonished Mrs. Gunton, who answered the summons, she pushed her way into the study. To her surprise, she found herself face to face with the owner. But widows are never surprised long. With a quick comprehensive glance at Stella, she addressed to Delaunay the startling inquiry, "Whether he had lost any thing?" thereby of course conveying the impression that the young lady by his side was a member of the predatory classes.

Not receiving an immediate reply, she repeated, "Has this person, Sir, any thing belonging to you?"

Recovering himself, Delaunay answered only by respectfully kissing the hand of Stella. Then, turning to Mrs. Cassilis, he said,

"It is very true, madam, that this lady has in her possession something which *did* belong to me, but which"—placing his hand upon his heart—"is mine no longer."

Oh, Mrs. Cassilis, Mrs. Cassilis! In the interval, while you were torturing yourself with anxiety and baffled curiosity, there was taking place within a few feet of you the explanation and the declaration which destroyed *your* hopes forever.

Mrs. Gunton now joined the group openmouthed.

"Pray, my good woman," demanded Stella, as the housekeeper entered the room, "whom do you take me for?"

"For Mrs. Delaunay," was the reply, with a deep courtesy.

Delaunay laughed heartily.

"And you, madam, take me to be—?" was the interrogatory addressed to Mrs. Cassilis.

"Judging from present appearances, I should take you for Mrs. Delaunay that is to be," answered the widow.

"And *you?*" asked the fair querist, addressing the master of the house.

"I, my dear young lady?" replied he, gallantly. "Why, if there is no objection to the arrangement, I should prefer taking you 'for better, for worse.'"

And, if blushes are not falsehoods, he was so taken in return.

Here a thundering rap at the door heralded the hasty return of Lovegrove. Directly he entered, he understood the state of affairs at a glance.

"I thought, perhaps, that it might be a mistake," he cried; "but I perceive that I was right. I resign her—I cast her off altogether!"

"Sir," said Delaunay, complacently placing the young lady's arm within his own, "you are particularly obliging."

On a certain morning, not long after the occurrence of the above events, there was to be seen slowly leaving Notting Hill a van drawn by two horses, and containing a quantity of elegant furniture. Close behind came a hand-cart dragged by a boy. Its contents were—a trunk, a bandbox, a bundle, and an umbrella. The former of these vehicles held the belongings of Mrs. Cassilis; the latter, of Mrs. Gunton. We have already seen how what threatened to be a serious dilemma turned out to be not only Delaunay's joy, but Delaunay's deliverance.

WONDERFUL RELICS.

A HUNGARIAN Roman Catholic wrote to the Presburg *Gazette* a curious account of a visit he paid to the Church of St. Augustine, in Rome. "After walking for half an hour," says the writer, "through streets uglier and dirtier than any that could be found in our small Hungarian towns, I reached at last the Church of St. Augustine. When I entered there appeared to be no one in the building; but an old barefooted sacristan soon appeared and offered (of course for a small consideration) to let me see the marvelous relics the church possessed. Having conducted me into the sacristy, he showed me, on a rich velvet cushion inclosed in a small glass case, the cord with which Judas Iscariot had hanged himself. My cicerone maintained the relic to be authentic, and I could not hurt his feelings by an expression of doubt. Another glass case contained a wing of the Archangel Gabriel. I learned on inquiry that Pope Gregory VII. had obtained this gift from the angel by his prayers, and my guide informed me, with a look of deep significance, that he knew a pious man, the possessor of a feather from this angelic wing, who would be happy to dispose of it in favor of another devout man. As I did not take the hint, we continued our examination of the reliquary. I was next shown the comb of the cock that crowed when Peter denied his Master, then the staff with which Moses divided the waters of the Red Sea, and afterward the beard of Noah. My cicerone took care to inform me, every now and again, that, in consideration of my being a 'pious man,' I could obtain a small portion of these invaluable relics at a very moderate price." The Presburg *Gazette* adds to this letter, by way of postscript: "Our worthy correspondent does not seem to have been shown what, in our opinion, is the pearl of the collection in question: it is one of the steps of the ladder on which Jacob, in his dream, saw the heavenly hosts ascending and descending."

A DOG'S THOUGHTFULNESS.

YOUATT, in his "Humanity to Brutes," remarks: "I wanted, one day, to go through a tall iron gate, from one part of my premises to another, but just within it lay a poor lame puppy, and I could not get in without rolling the little fellow over, and perhaps seriously injuring him. I stood for a while hesitating, and at length determined to go round through another gate, when a fine Newfoundland dog, who had been waiting patiently for his wonted caresses, and wondering why I did not come in, looked accidentally down at the invalid. He comprehended the whole business in a moment. He put down his great paw, and as quickly and as gently as possible rolled the invalid out of the way, and then drew himself back in order to leave room for the opening of the gate. Here was a plain and palpable act of reasoning. 'Why does not my master come in as usual? This little fellow is in the way, and he can not open the gate without disturbing or hurting him. I'll get rid of that;' and immediately he rolls the obstacle aside, but, with the characteristic noble feeling of his breed, he takes care not to hurt the invalid. 'Now,' he continues, 'I must take myself out of the way, and then every obstacle will be removed.' No philosopher ever reasoned more accurately than our beautiful Newfoundland dog."

THOMAS NAST.

THE most cordially hated man in New York at the present day—hated by men whose friendship would be a dishonor—is THOMAS NAST, the most successful, most widely known, and most gifted humorous artist whom the genius of America has produced. Though of foreign birth, he came to this country at so early an age that his mental and moral development belongs wholly to the land of his adoption. A more thorough American does not breathe. The whole range of his art is instinct with the best and highest thought of the New World. No other country could have afforded the same kind of culture which has made him what he is—the foremost caricaturist of the age. He thoroughly appreciates the boundless hospitality which makes every foreigner welcome to our shores, and in recognition of the free boon of citizenship sinks his own nationality in that of his adopted country, and devotes his best talents to her service. He was educated a Catholic, but that has not blinded him to the dangers of political Romanism, especially in a republic like ours, where the maintenance of law, freedom, and order depends upon the intelligence of the people. The Catholic Church, as an ecclesiastical organization, has never been the object of his satire; it is only such members of that communion as seek to pervert its machinery to political purposes whom he castigates.

THOMAS NAST is the son of a musician in the Bavarian army, and was born in Landau, Bavaria, in the year 1840. When he was six years old his parents came to the United States, bringing their boy with them. They were very poor, but their industry presently made them comfortable. The boy showed from the beginning his fondness for drawing; and although his parents were very sure that it was folly to devote himself to any thing but a mechanical trade, he persevered in his artistic studies. Upon leaving school he drew with KAUFMANN for six months, and had no further instruction from a master.

When he was fifteen years old NAST began as a draughtsman for an illustrated paper. He gave himself so ardently to his work, sparing but four hours for sleep, and diligently drawing and studying during the rest of the night, that he found he was injuring his sight and his health. Three years of diligence and success made his name known, and leaving his exclusive work upon the paper, he was so profitably employed that in February, 1860, he had money enough for a visit to Europe. He went to England with an engagement to send home pictures of the prize-fight between HEENAN and SAYRES. From England he pushed on to Italy, and reached Genoa in time to join Colonel MEDICI's expedition to Southern Italy; and crossing to Sicily, went through the island with GARIBALDI, and was afterward at the sieges of Capua and Gaeta. He made sketches of all the memorable events he saw for American, English, and French illustrated papers; and after a rapid tour through Germany, Switzerland, and France, the young artist landed again at the end of a year in New York.

His first impulse was to paint pictures suggested by his Italian experience; but the opening of the great campaign between the North and the South drew his heart and mind to another theme; and in the year 1862 he began the remarkable series of illustrations which from that time to the present day have appeared in this paper. Our readers will remember the marked impression they made upon thoughtful minds in every part of the North.

His artistic activity was not confined to newspaper work. In 1865 he painted a characteristic picture, called "The Union Advance arriving at a Plantation," an episode of SHERMAN's march to the sea. It was exhibited at the National Academy of Design in this city—if hanging a picture over a door where it can not be seen may be called "exhibiting" any thing but the stupidity of the hanging committee. A year or two later he painted "The March of the Seventh Regiment down Broadway," when the first call for volunteers was made after the firing on Fort Sumter. Like the first-mentioned work, it was full of character and movement.

In 1866 Mr. NAST designed a series of grotesques for the *Bal d'Opéra*—a gallery of semi-satirical popular portraits, unique for the purpose, and very successful. Each picture was a palpable hit. But of all Mr. NAST's works his pictures for this paper are undoubtedly the most characteristic and important. They are of an allegorico-political character, at once pictures, poems, and speeches. They argue the case to the eye, and conclusively. A few lines do the work of many words, and with a force of eloquence which no words can rival. Their effectiveness is unquestioned. It is said that the Boss and Head-Centre of the Tammany Ring himself has declared in his wrath that while he doesn't care a straw for what is written about him, the great majority of his constituency being unable to read, these illustrations, the meaning of which every one can take in at a glance, play the mischief with his feelings. Mr. NAST's recent pictures, suggested by the riot of July 12 and the New York *Times's* exposure of the Ring, are among the most powerful of his efforts. Every stroke of his pencil cuts like a cimeter. His caricatures of TWEED, SWEENY, CONNOLLY, and HALL are admirable in their grotesque fidelity. They never can be lived down; and if future ages know any thing of the worthy quartette just named, it will be owing to their merciless caricaturist. Doubtless they would rather court oblivion than endure this im-

THOMAS NAST, ARTIST OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

mortality of infamy. They are naturally anxious to avoid such unpleasant notoriety, and they also naturally supposed that a very simple means would remedy the difficulty. Believing that "every man has his price," they tried to buy him off. To their astonishment they found they were dealing with a man who was not for sale! They then tried the efficacy of threats. Letters of the most violent character poured in upon him, some anonymous, others signed with the writer's name, threatening violence and even death unless he should quit caricaturing the Ring, political Romanism, and the worser sort of their supporters. The pages of this paper show, and will continue to show, that threats are quite as impotent as bribes with Mr. NAST. He is not to be bought or frightened. We have already mentioned, in a late number of the *Weekly*, that he is a member of the Seventh Regiment, and on the day of the late riot shouldered his musket and marched with his comrades in defense of freedom, equality, and order.

Mr. NAST's position as a political caricaturist is very high. In Mr. JARVES's "Art Idea"—a work well known to artists and connoisseurs—we find the following just estimate of his talents and capacity:

"The lofty character and vast issues of our civil war have thus far had but slight influences on our art. Rarely have our artists sought to give even the realistic scenes of strife. This may be in part owing to their inaptitude in treating the human figure, or the delineation of strong passions and heroic action.

"Judging from wood-cuts in *Harper's Weekly* of compositions relating to the various stages of the war, NAST is an artist of uncommon abilities. He has composed designs, or rather given hints of his ability to do so, of allegorical, symbolical, or illustrative character far more worthy to be transferred in paint to the wall spaces of our public buildings than any thing that has as yet been placed upon them. Although hastily got up for a temporary purpose, they evince originality of conception, freedom of manner, lofty appreciation of national ideas and action, and a large artistic instinct."

Although his strength lies in political caricature, Mr. NAST can do excellent work in other departments of art. His society cartoons—*vide* "Too Much of a Good Thing" in the Supplement to the last number of the *Weekly*—are full of fancy and humor. There is infinite variety in what he does. His inventive powers seem to be inexhaustible. At the same time he knows the value of *iteration* in art—as witness the portraits that run through the entire series of his pictures on the Ring. Each one is so marked that if you catch only the glimpse of an eye-glass, the tip of a nose, or a straggly bit of hair,

you know it stands for Hall, or Tweed, or Sweeny, or Connolly.

The portrait of Mr. Nast given with this article was engraved from an excellent photograph by Brady. We present it to our readers as the likeness of a man who is most agreeably known to them by his works, and who, we trust, may long be spared to take his part in the good fight against every species of meanness and wrong.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

At this monstrous declaration, from the very lips of the man's wife, there was a dead silence, Sir Charles being struck dumb, and Lady Bassett herself terrified at the sound of the words she had uttered.

After a terrible pause Sir Charles fixed his eyes on her, with an awful look, and said, very slowly, "Will—you—have—the—goodness—to—say that again? but first think what you are saying."

This made Lady Bassett shake in every limb; indeed, the very flesh of her body quivered. Yet she persisted, but in a tone that of itself showed how fast her courage was oozing. She faltered out, almost inaudibly, "I say you must waste no more love on him—he is not your son."

Sir Charles looked at her to see if she was in her senses: it was not the first time he had suspected her of being deranged on this one subject. But no: she was pale as death, she was cringing, wincing, quivering, and her eyes roving to and fro; a picture not of frenzy, but of guilt unhardened.

He began to tremble in his turn, and was so horror-stricken and agitated that he could hardly speak. "Am I dreaming?" he gasped.

Lady Bassett saw the storm she had raised, and would have given the world to recall her words.

"Whose is he, then?" asked Sir Charles, in a voice scarcely human.

"I don't know," said Lady Bassett, doggedly.

"Then how dare you say that he isn't mine?"

"Kill me, Charles," cried she, passionately; "but don't look at me so and speak to me so. Why I say he is not yours—is he like you, either in face or mind?"

"And he is like—whom?"

Lady Bassett had lost all her courage by this time: she whimpered out, "Like nobody except the gypsies."

"Bella, this is a subject which will part you and me for life unless we can agree upon it."

No reply, in words, from Lady Bassett.

"So please let us understand each other. Your son is not my son. Is that what you look me in the face and tell me?"

"Charles, I never said *that*. How could he be my son, and not be yours?"

And she raised her eyes and looked him full in the face: no fear nor cringing now: the woman was majestic.

Sir Charles was a little alarmed in his turn; for his wife's soft eyes flamed battle for the first time in her life.

"Now you talk sense," said he; "if he is yours, he is mine; and, as he is certainly yours, this is a very foolish conversation, which must not be renewed; otherwise—"

"I shall be insulted by my own husband?"

"I think it very probable. And, as I do not choose you to be insulted, nor to think yourself insulted, I forbid you ever to recur to this subject."

"I will obey, Charles; but let me say one word first. When I was alone in London, and hardly sensible, might not this child have been imposed upon me and you? I'm sure he was."

"By whom?"

"How can I tell? I was alone—that woman in the house had a bad face—the gypsies do these things, I've heard."

"The gypsies! And why not the fairies?" said Sir Charles, contemptuously. "Is that all you have to suggest—before we close the subject forever?"

"Yes," said Lady Bassett, sorrowfully. "I see you take me for a madwoman; but time will show. Oh that I could persuade you to detach your affections from that boy—he will break your heart else—and rest them on the children that resemble us in mind and features."

"These partialities are allowed to mothers; but a father must be just. Reginald is my first-born; he came to me from Heaven at a time when I was under a bitter trial, and from the day he was born till this day I have been a happy man. It is not often a father owes so much to a son as I do to my darling boy. He is dear to my heart in spite of his faults; and now I pity him, as well as love him, since it seems he has only one parent, poor little fellow!"

Lady Bassett opened her mouth to reply, but could not. She raised her hands in mute despair, then quietly covered her face with them, and soon the tears trickled through her white fingers.

Sir Charles looked at her, and was touched at her silent grief.

"My darling wife," said he, "I think this is the only thing you and I can not agree upon. Why not be wise as well as loving, and avoid it."

"I will never seek it again," sobbed Lady Bassett. "But oh," she cried, with sudden wildness, "something tells me it will meet me, and follow me, and rob me of my husband. Well, when that day comes, I shall know how to die."

"I WAS ONLY TAKING A LOOK."

And with this she burst away from him, like some creature who has been stung past endurance.

Sir Charles often meditated on this strange scene: turn it how he could, he came back to the same conclusion, that she must have a hallucination on this subject. He said to himself, "If Bella really believed the boy was a changeling, she would act upon her conviction, she would urge me to take some steps to recover our true child, whom the gypsies or the fairies have taken, and given us poor dear Reginald instead."

But still the conversation, and her strange looks of terror, lay dormant in his mind; both were too remarkable to be ever forgotten. Such things lie like certain seeds, awaiting only fresh accidents to spring into life.

The month rolled away, and the day came for Reginald's liberation. A dog-cart was sent for him, and the heir of the Bassetts emerged from a county jail, and uttered a whoop of delight; he insisted on driving, and went home at a rattling pace.

He was in high spirits till he got in sight of Huntercombe Hall; and then it suddenly occurred to his mercurial mind that he should probably not be received with an ovation, petty larceny being a novelty in that ancient house whose representative he was.

When he did get there he found the whole family in such a state of commotion that his return was hardly noticed at all.

Master Compton's dinner-hour was two P.M., and yet, at three o'clock of this day, he did not come in.

This was reported to Lady Bassett, and it gave her some little anxiety; for she suspected he might possibly be in the company of Ruperta Bassett; and, although she did not herself much object to that, she objected very much to have it talked about and made a fuss. So she went herself to the end of the lawn, and out into the meadow, that a servant might not find the young people together, if her suspicion was correct.

She went into the meadow and called "Compton! Compton!" as loud as she could, but there was no reply.

Then she came in, and began to be alarmed, and sent servants about in all directions.

But two hours elapsed, and there were no tidings. The thing looked serious.

She sent out grooms well mounted to scour the country. One of these fell in with Sir Charles, who thereupon came home and found his wife in a pitiable state. She was sitting in an arm-chair, trembling and crying hysterically.

She caught his hand directly, and grasped it like a vice.

"It is Richard Bassett!" she cried. "He knows bow to wound and kill me. He has stolen our child."

Sir Charles hurried out, and, soon after that, Reginald arrived, and stood awe-struck at her deplorable condition.

Sir Charles came back heated and anxious, kissed Reginald, told him in three words his brother was missing, and then informed Lady Bassett that he had learned something very extraordinary; Richard Bassett's little girl had also disappeared, and his people were out looking after her.

"Ah, they are together," cried Lady Bassett.

"Together? a son of mine consorting with that viper's brood!"

"What does that poor child know? Oh, find him for me, if you love that dear child's mother!"

Sir Charles hurried out directly, but was met at the door by a servant, who blurted out, "The men have dragged the fish-ponds, Sir Charles, and they want to know if they shall drag the brook."

"Hold your tongue, idiot!" cried Sir Charles, and thrust him out; but the wiseacre had not spoken in vain. Lady Bassett moaned, and went into worse hysterics, with nobody near her but Reginald.

That worthy, never having seen a lady in hysterics, and not being hardened at all points, uttered a sympathetic howl, and flung his arms round her neck. "Oh! oh! oh! Don't cry, mamma."

Lady Bassett shuddered at his touch, but did not repel him.

"I'll find him for you," said the boy, "if you will leave off crying."

She stared in his face a moment, and then went on as before.

"Mamma," said he, getting impatient, "do listen to me. I'll find him easy enough, if you will only listen."

"You! you!" and she stared wildly at him.

"Ay, I know a sight more than the fools about here. I'm a poacher. Just you put me on to his track. I'll soon run into him, if he is above ground."

"A child like you!" cried Lady Bassett; "how can you do that?" and she began to wring her hands again.

"I'll show you," said the boy, getting very impatient, "if you will just leave off crying like a great baby, and come to any place you like where he has been to-day and left a mark—"

"Ah!" cried Lady Bassett.

"I'm a poacher," repeated Reginald, quite proudly; "you forget that."

"Come with me," cried Lady Bassett, starting up.

She whipped on her bonnet, and ran with him down the lawn.

"There, Reginald," said she, panting, "I think my darling was here this afternoon; yes, yes, he must; for he had a key of the door, and it is open."

"All right," said Reginald; "come into the field."

He ran about, like a dog hunting, and soon found marks among the cowslips.

"Somebody has been gathering a nosegay here to-day," said he; "now, mamma, there's only two ways out of this field—let us go straight to that gate; that is the likeliest."

Near the gate was some clay, and Reginald showed her several prints of small feet.

"Look," said he, "here's the track of two—one's a gal; how I know, here's a sole to this shoe no wider nor a knife. Come on."

In the next field he was baffled for a long time; but at last he found a place in a dead hedge where they had gone through.

"See," said he, "these twigs are fresh broken, and here's a bit of the gal's frock. Oh! won't she catch it?"

"Oh, you brave, clever boy!" cried Lady Bassett.

"Come on!" shouted the urchin.

He hunted like a beagle, and saw like a bird, with his savage, glittering eye. He was on fire with the ardor of the chase; and, not to dwell too long on what has been so often and so well written by others, in about an hour and a half he brought the anxious, palpitating, but now hopeful mother, to the neighborhood of Bassett's wood. Here he trusted to his own instinct. "They have gone into the wood," said he, "and I don't blame 'em. I found my way here long before his age. I say, don't you tell; I've snared plenty of the governor's hares in that wood."

He got to the edge of the wood, and ran down the side. At last he found the marks of small feet on a low bank, and, darting over it, discovered the fainter traces on some decaying leaves inside the wood.

"There," said he; "now it is just as if you had got them in your pocket, for they'll never find their way out of this wood. Bless your heart, why *I* used to get lost in it at first."

"Lost in the wood!" cried Lady Bassett; "but he will die of fear, or be eaten by wild beasts; and it is getting so dark."

"What about that? Night or day is all one to me. What will you give me if I find him before midnight?"

"Any thing I've got in the world."

"Give me a sovereign?"

"A thousand!"

"Give me a kiss?"

"A hundred!"

"Then I'll tell you what I'll do—I don't mind a little trouble, to stop your crying, mamma, because you are the right sort. I'll get the village out, and we will tread the wood with torches, an' all for them as can't see by night; I can see all one; and you shall have your kid home to supper. You see, there's a heavy dew, and he is not like me, that would rather sleep in this wood than the best bed in London city; a night in a wood would about settle his hash. So here goes. I can run a mile in six minutes and a half."

With these words, the strange boy was off like an arrow from a bow.

Lady Bassett, exhausted by anxiety and excitement, was glad to sit down; her trembling heart would not let her leave the place, that she now began to hope contained her child. She sat down and waited patiently.

The sun set, the moon rose, the stars glittered; the infinite leaves stood out dark and solid as if cut out of black marble; all was dismal silence and dread suspense to the solitary watcher.

Yet the lady of Huntercombe Hall sat on, sick at heart, but patient, beneath that solemn sky.

She shuddered a little as the cold dews gathered on her, for she was a woman nursed in luxury's lap; but she never moved.

The silence was dismal. Had that wild boy forgotten his promise, or were there no parents in the village, that their feet lagged so?

It was nearly ten o'clock, when her keen ears, strained to the utmost, discovered a faint buzzing of voices; but where she could not tell.

The sounds increased, and increased, and then there was a temporary silence; and after that a faint hallooing in the wood to her right. The wood was five hundred acres, and the bulk of it lay in front and to her left.

The hallooing got louder and louder; the whole wood seemed to echo; her heart beat high; lights glimmered nearer and nearer, hares and rabbits pattered by and startled her, and pheasants thundered off their roosts with an incredible noise; owls flitted, and bats innumerable, disturbed and terrified by the glaring lights and loud, resounding halloos.

Nearer, nearer came the sounds, till at last a line of men and boys, full fifty, carrying torches and lanterns, came up, and lighted up the dew-spangled leaves, and made the mother's heart leap with joyful hope at succor so powerful.

Oh, she could have kissed the stout village blacksmith, whose deep sonorous lungs rang close to her. Never had any man's voice sounded to her so like a god's as this stout blacksmith's "hilloop! hilloop!" close and loud in her ear, and those at the end of the line hallooed "hilloop; hillo-op!" like an echo; and so they passed on, through bush and brier, till their voices died away in the distance.

A boy detached himself from the line, and ran to Lady Bassett, with a traveling-rug. It was Reginald.

"You put on this," said he. He shook it, and standing on tiptoe, put it over her shoulders.

"Thank you, dear," said she. "Where is papa?"

"Oh, he is in the line, and the Highmore swell and all."

"Mr. Richard Bassett?"

"Ay, his kid is out on the loose, as well as ours."

"Oh, Reginald, if they should quarrel!"

"Why, our governor can lick *him*, can't he?"

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

"Oh, don't talk so. I wouldn't for all the world they should quarrel."

"Well, we have got enough fellows to part them if they do."

"Dear Reginald, you have been so good to me, and you are so clever: speak to some of the men, and let there be no more quarreling between papa and that man."

"All right," said the boy.

"On second thoughts, take *me* to papa; I'll be by his side, and then they can not."

"You want to walk through the wood? that is a good joke. Why, it is like walking through a river, and the young wood slapping your eyes, for you can't see every twig by this light, and the leaves sponging your face and shoulders; and the briers would soon strip your gown into ribbons, and make your little ankles bleed. No, you are a lady; you stay where you are, and let us men work it. We sha'n't find him yet a while. I must get near the governor. When we find my lord, I'll give a whistle you could hear a mile off."

"Oh, Reginald, are you sure he is in the wood?"

"I'd bet my head to a chany orange. You might as well ask me, when I track a badger to his hole, and no signs of his going out again, whether old long-claws is there. I wish I was as sure of never going back to school as I am of finding that little lot. The only thing I don't like, is the young muff's not giving us a halloo back. But, any way, I'll find 'em, *alive or dead*."

And, with this pleasing assurance, the little imp scudded off, leaving the mother glued to the spot with terror.

For full an hour more the torches gleamed, though fainter and fainter, and so full was the wood of echoes, that the voices, though distant, seemed to halloo all round the agonized mother.

But presently there was a continuous yell, quite

different from the isolated shouts, a distant but unmistakable howl of victory that made a bolt of ice shoot down her back, and then her heart to glow like fire.

It was followed by a keen whistle.

She fell on her knees and thanked God for her boy.

In the middle of this wood was a shallow excavation, an old chalk-pit, unused for many years. It was never deep, and had been half filled up with dead leaves: these, once blown into the hollow, or dropped from the trees, had accumulated.

The very middle of the line struck on this place, and Moss, the old keeper, who was near the centre, had no sooner cast his eyes into it than he halted, and uttered a stentorian halloo well known to sportsmen—"SEE—HO!"

A dead halt, a low murmur, and in a very few seconds the line was a circle, and all the torches that had not expired held high in a flaming ring over the prettiest little sight that wood had ever presented.

The old keeper had not given tongue on conjecture, like some youthful hound. In a little hollow of leaves, which the boy had scraped out, lay Master Compton and Miss Ruperta, on their little backs, each with an arm round the other's neck, enjoying the sweet sound sleep of infancy, which neither the horror of their situation—babes in the wood—nor the shouts of fifty people had in the smallest degree disturbed; to be sure, they had undergone great fatigue.

Young master wore a coronet of bluebells on his golden head, young miss a wreath of cowslips on her ebon locks. The pair were flowers, cherubs, children—every thing that stands for young, tender, and lovely.

The honest villagers gaped, and roared in chorus, and held high their torches, and gazed with reverential delight. Not for them was it to finger the little gentlefolks, but only to devour them with admiring eyes.

Indeed, the picture was carried home to many a humble hearth, and is spoken of to this day in Huntercombe village.

But the pale and anxious fathers were in no state to see pictures; they only saw their children; Sir Charles and Richard Bassett came round with the general rush, saw, and dashed into the pit.

Strange to say, neither knew the other was there. Each seized his child, and tore it away from the contact of the other child, as if from a viper; in which natural but harsh act they saw each other for the first time, and their eyes gleamed in a moment with hate and defiance over their loving children.

Here was a picture of a different kind, and if the melancholy Jaques, or any other gentleman with a foible for thinking in a wood, had been there, methinks he had moralized very prettily on the hideousness of hate and the beauty of the sentiment it had interrupted so fiercely. But it escaped this sort of comment for about eight years. Well, all this woke the bairns; the lights dazzled them, the people scared them. Each hid a little face on the paternal shoulder.

The fathers, like wild beasts, each carrying off a lamb, withdrew, glaring at each other; but the very next moment the stronger and better sentiment prevailed, and they kissed and blessed their restored treasures, and forgot their enemies for a time.

Sir Charles's party followed him, and supped at Huntercombe, every man Jack of them.

Reginald, who had delivered a terrific cat-call, now ran off to Lady Bassett. There she was, still on her knees. "Found! found!" he shouted.

She clasped him in her arms and wept for joy.

"My eyes!" said he, "what a one you are to cry! You come home; you'll catch your death o' cold."

"No, no; take me to my child at once."

"Can't be done; the governor has carried him off through the wood; and I ain't a-going to let you travel the wood. You come with me; we'll go the short-cut, and be home as soon as them."

She complied, though trembling all over.

On the way he told her where the children had been discovered, and in what attitude.

"Little darlings!" said she. "But he has frightened his poor mother, and nearly broken her heart. Oh!"

"If you cry any more, mamma— Shut up, I tell you!"

"*Must* I? Oh!"

"Yes, or you'll catch pepper."

Then he pulled her along, gabbling all the time. "Those two swells didn't quarrel, after all, you see."

"Thank Heaven!"

"But they looked at each other like hobelixes, and pulled the kids away like pison. Ha, ha! I say, the young 'uns ain't of the same mind as the old 'uns. I say, though, our Compton is not a bad sort; I'm blowed if he hadn't taken off his tippet to put round his gal. I say, don't you think that little chap has begun rather early? Why, *I* didn't trouble my head about the gals till I was eleven years old."

Lady Bassett was too much agitated to discuss these delicate little questions just then.

She replied as irrelevantly as ever a lady did. "Oh, you good, brave, clever boy!" said she.

Then she stopped a moment to kiss him heartily. "I shall never forget this night, dear. I shall always make excuses for you. Oh, shall we never get home?"

"We shall be home as soon as they will," said Reginald. "Come on."

He gabbled to her the whole way; but the reader has probably had enough of his mill-clack.

Lady Bassett reached home, and had just ordered a large fire in Compton's bedroom, when Sir Charles came in, bringing the boy.

The lady ran out screaming, and went down on her knees, with her arms out, as only a mother can stretch them to her child.

There was not a word of scolding that night. He had made her suffer; but what of that? She had no egotism; she was a true mother. Her boy had been lost, and was found; and she was the happiest soul in creation.

But the fathers of these babes in the wood were both intensely mortified, and took measures to keep those little lovers apart in future. Richard Bassett locked up his gate: Sir Charles padlocked his; and they both told their wives they really must be more vigilant.

The poor children, being in disgrace, did not venture to remonstrate. But they used often to think of each other, and took a liking to the British Sunday; for then they saw each other in church.

By-and-by even that consolation ceased. Ruperta was sent to school, and passed her holidays at the sea-side.

To return to Reginald, he was compelled to change his clothes that evening, but was allowed to sit up, and, when the heads of the house were a little calmer, became the hero of the night.

Sir Charles, gazing on him with parental pride, said, "Reginald, you have begun a new life today, and begun it well. Let us forget the past, and start fresh to-day, with the love and gratitude of both your parents."

The boy hung his head, and said nothing in reply.

Lady Bassett came to his assistance. "He will; he will. Don't say a word about the past. He is a good, brave, beautiful boy, and I adore him."

"And I like you, mamma," said Reginald, graciously.

From that day the boy had a champion in Lady Bassett; and, Heaven knows, she had no sinecure; poor Reginald's virtues were too eccentric to balance his faults for long together. His parents could not have a child lost in a wood every day; but good taste and propriety can be offended every hour when one is so young, active, and savage as Master Reginald.

He was up at five, and doing wrong all day.

Hours in the stables, learning to talk horsey, and smell dunghilly.

Hours in the village, gossiping and romping.

In good company, an owl.

In bad, or low company, a cricket, a nightingale, a magpie.

He was seen at a neighboring fair, playing the fiddle in a booth to dancing yokels, and receiving their pence.

He was caught by Moss wiring hares in Bassett's wood, within twenty yards of the place where he had found the babes in the wood so nobly.

Remonstrated with tenderly and solemnly, he informed Sir Charles that poaching was a thing he could not live without, and he modestly asked to have Bassett's wood given him to poach in, offering, as a consideration, to keep all other poachers out: as a greater inducement he represented that he should not require a house, but only a coarse sheet to stretch across an old sawpit, and a pair of blankets for winter use—one under, one over.

Sir Charles was often sad, sometimes indignant.

Lady Bassett excused each enormity with pathetic ingenuity; excused, but suffered, and indeed pined visibly, for all this time he was tormenting her as few women in her position have been tormented. Her life was a struggle of contesting emotions; she was wounded, harassed, perplexed, and so miserable, she would have welcomed death, that her husband might read that manuscript, and cease to suffer, and she escape the shame of confessing, and of living after it.

In one word, she was expiating.

Neither the excuses she made, nor the misery she suffered, escaped Sir Charles.

He said to her at last, "My own Bella, this unhappy boy is killing you. Dear as he is to me, you are dearer. I must send him away again."

"He saved our darling," said she, faintly, but she could say no more. He had exhausted excuse.

Sir Charles made inquiries every where, and, at last, his attention was drawn to the following advertisement in the *Times:*

UNMANAGEABLE, Backward, or other BOYS, carefully TRAINED and EDUCATED, by a married rector. Home comforts. Moderate terms. Address Dr. Beecher, Fennymore, Cambridgeshire.

He wrote to this gentleman, and the correspondence was encouraging. "These scapegraces," said the artist in tuition, "are like crab-trees—abominable till you graft them, and then they bear the best fruit."

While the letters were passing, came a climax. Reckless Reginald could keep no bounds intact: his inward definition of a boundary was "a thing you should go a good way out of your way rather than not overleap."

Accordingly, he was often on Highmore farm at night, and even in Highmore garden; the boundary wall tempted him so.

One light but windy night, when every body that could put his head under cover, and keep it there, did, reckless Reginald was out enjoying the fresh breezes; he mounted the boundary wall of Highmore like a cat, to see what amusement might offer. Thus perched, he speedily discovered a bright light in Highmore dining-room.

He dropped from the wall directly, and stole softly over the grass, and peered in at the window.

He saw a table with a powerful lamp on it; on that table, and gleaming in that light, were several silver vessels of rare size and workmanship, and Mr. Bassett, with his coat off, and a green baize apron on, was cleaning one of these with brush and leather. He had already cleaned the others, for they glittered prodigiously.

Reginald's black eyes gloated and glittered at this unexpected display of wealth in so dazzling a form.

But this was nothing to the revelation in store. When Mr. Bassett had done with that piece of plate, he went to the paneled wall, and opened a door so nicely adapted to the panels, that a stranger would hardly have discovered it. Yet it was an enormous door, and, being opened, revealed a still larger closet, lined with green velvet, and fitted with shelves from floor to ceiling.

Here shone, in all their glory, the old plate of two good families: that is to say, half the old plate of the Bassetts, and all the old plate of the Goodwyns, from whom came Highmore to Richard Bassett through his mother Ruperta Goodwyn, so named after her grandmother; so named after her aunt; so named after her godmother; so named after her father, Prince Rupert, cavalier, chemist, glass-blower, etc., etc.

The wall seemed ablaze with suns and moons, for many of the chased goblets, plates, and dishes were silver-gilt: none of your filmy electro-plate, but gold laid on thick, by the old mercurial process, in days when they that wrought in precious metals were honest—for want of knowing how to cheat.

Glued to the pane, gloating on this constellation of gold suns and silver moons, and trembling with Bohemian excitement, reckless Reginald heard not a stealthy step upon the grass behind him.

He had trusted to a fact in optics, forgetting the doctrine of shadows.

The Scotch servant saw from a pantry window the shadow of a cap projected on the grass, with a face, and part of a body. She stepped out, and got upon the grass.

Finding it was only a boy, she was brave, as well as cunning; and, owing to the wind and his absorption, stole on him unheard, and pinned him with her strong hands by both his shoulders.

Young Hopeful uttered a screech of dismay, and administered a back kick that made Jessie limp for two days, and scream very lustily for the present.

Mr. Bassett, at this dialogue of yells, dropped a coffee-pot with a crash and a tinkle, and ran out directly, and secured young Hopeful, who thereupon began to quake and remonstrate.

"I was only taking a look," said he; "where's the harm of that?"

"You were trespassing, Sir," said Richard Bassett.

"What is the harm of that, governor? You can come over all our place, for what I care."

"Thank you. I prefer to keep to my own place."

"Well, I don't. I say, old chap, don't hit me. 'Twas I put 'em all on the scent of your kid, you know."

"So I have heard. Well, then, this makes us quits."

"Don't it? You ain't such a bad sort, after all."

"Only mind, Mr. Bassett, if I catch you prying here again, that will be a fresh account, and I shall open it with a horsewhip."

He then gave him a little push, and the boy fled like the wind. When he was gone, Richard Bassett became rather uneasy. He had hitherto concealed, even from his own family, the great wealth his humble home contained. His secret was now public. Reginald had no end of low companions. If burglars got scent of this, it might be very awkward. At last he hit upon a defense. He got one of those hooks ending in a screw which are used for pictures, and screwed it into the inside of the cupboard door near the top. To this he fastened a long piece of catgut, and carried it through the floor. His bed was just above the cupboard door, and he attached the gut to a bell by his bedside. By this means nobody could open that cupboard without ringing in his ears.

Jessie told Tom, Tom told Maria and Harriet; Harriet and Maria told every body; somebody told Sir Charles. He was deeply mortified.

"You young idiot!" said he; "would nothing less than this serve your turn? must you go and lower me and yourself by giving just offense to my one enemy?—the man I hate and despise, and who is always on the watch to injure or affront me. Oh, who would be a father! There, pack up your things; you will go to school next morning at eight o'clock."

Mr. Reginald packed accordingly, but that did not occupy long; so he sallied forth, and, taking for granted that it was Richard Bassett who had been so mean as to tell, he purchased some paint and brushes and a rope, and languished until midnight.

But when that magic hour came he was brisk as a bee, let himself down from his veranda, and stole to Richard Bassett's front-door, and inscribed thereon, in large and glaring letters,

"JERRY SNEAK, ESQ.,
Tell-Tale Tit."

He then returned home much calmed and comforted, climbed up his rope and into his room, and there slept sweetly, as one who had discharged his duty to his neighbor and society in general.

In the morning, however, he was very active, hurried the grooms, and was off before the appointed time.

Sir Charles came down to breakfast, and lo! young Hopeful gone, without the awkward ceremony of leave-taking.

Sir Charles found, as usual, many delicacies on his table, and among them one rarer to him than ortolan, pin-tail, or wild turkey (in which last my soul delights); for he found a letter from Richard Bassett, Esq.

"SIR,—*Some nights since we caught your successor that is to be at my dining-room window, prying into my private affairs. Having the honor of our family at heart, I was about to administer a little wholesome correction, when he reminded me he had been instrumental in tracking Miss Bassett, and thereby rescuing her: upon this I was, naturally, mollified, and sent him about his business, hoping to have seen the last of him at Highmore.*

"*This morning my door is covered with opprobrious epithets, and as Mr. Bassett bought paint and brushes at the shop yesterday afternoon, it is doubtless to him I am indebted for them.*

"*I make no comments; I simply record the facts, and put them down to your credit, and your son's. Your obedient servant,*

"RICHARD BASSETT."

Lady Bassett did not come down to breakfast that morning; so Sir Charles digested this dish in solitude.

He was furious with Reginald; but, as Richard Bassett's remonstrance was intended to insult him, he wrote back as follows:

"SIR,—*I am deeply grieved that a son of mine should descend to look in at your windows, or to write any thing whatever upon your door; and I will take care it shall never recur. Yours obediently,* CHARLES DYKE BASSETT."

This little correspondence was salutary; it fanned the coals of hatred between the cousins.

Reckless Reginald soon found he had caught a Tartar in his new master.

That gentleman punished him severely for every breach of discipline. The study was a cool dark room, with one window looking north, and that window barred. Here he locked up the erratic youth for hours at a time, upon the slightest escapade.

Reginald wrote a honeyed letter to Sir Charles, bewailing his lot, and praying to be removed.

Sir Charles replied sternly, and sent him a copy of Mr. Richard Bassett's letter. He wrote to Mr. Beecher at the same time, expressing his full approval.

Thus disciplined, the boy began to change; he became moody, sullen, silent, and even sleepy. This was the less wonderful, that he generally escaped at night to a gypsy camp, and courted a gypsy girl, who was nearly as handsome as himself, besides being older, and far more knowing. His tongue went like a mill, and the whole tribe soon knew all about him and his parents.

One morning the servants got up supernaturally early, to wash. Mr. Reginald was detected stealing back to his roost, and reported to the master.

Mr. Beecher had him up directly, locked him into the study alone, put the other students into the drawing-room, and erected bars to his bedroom window.

A few days of this, and he pined like a bird in a cage.

A few more, and his gypsy girl came fortune-telling to the servants, and wormed out the truth.

Then she came at night under his window, and made him a signal. He told her his hard case, and told her also a resolution he had come to. She informed the tribe. The tribe consulted. A keen saw was flung up to him; in two nights he was through the bars; the third he was free, and joined his sable friends.

They struck their tents, and decamped with horses, asses, tents, and baggage, and were many miles away by daybreak, without troubling turnpikes.

The boy left not a line behind him, and Mr. Beecher half hoped he might come back; still he sent to the nearest station, and telegraphed to Huntercombe.

Sir Charles mounted a fleet horse, and rode off at once into Cambridgeshire. He set inquiries on foot, and learned that the boy had been seen consorting with a tribe of gypsies. He heard, also, that these were rather high gypsies, many of them foreigners; that they dealt in horses, and had a farrier; and that one or two of the girls were handsome, and also singers.

Sir Charles telegraphed for detectives from London; wrote to the mayors of towns; advertised, with full description and large reward, and brought such pressure to bear upon the Egyptians that the band began to fear: they consulted, and took measures for their own security; none too soon, for, they being encamped on Grey's Common in Oxfordshire, Sir Charles and the rural police rode into the camp, and demanded young Hopeful.

They were equal to the occasion; at first they knew nothing of the matter, and, with injured innocence, invited a full inspection.

The invitation was accepted.

Then, all of a sudden, one of the women affected to be struck with an idea. "It is the young gentleman who wanted to join us in Cambridgeshire."

Then all their throats opened at once. "Yes, gentlemen, there was a lovely young gentleman wanted to come with us; but we wouldn't have him. What could we do with him?"

Sir Charles left them under surveillance, and continued his researches, telegraphing Lady Bassett twice every day.

A dark stranger came into Huntercombe village, no longer young, but still a striking figure; had once, no doubt, been superlatively handsome. Even now, his long hair was black, and his eye could glitter; but his life had impregnated his noble features with hardness and meanness; his large black eye was restless, keen, and servile: an excellent figure for a painter though; born in Spain he was not afraid of color, had a red cap on his snaky black hair, and a striped waistcoat.

He inquired for Mr. Meyrick's farm.

He soon found his way thither, and asked for Mrs. Meyrick.

The female servant who opened the door ran her eye up and down him, and said, brusquely,

"What do you want with her, my man? because she is busy."

"Oh, she will see me, miss."

Softened by the "miss," the girl laughed, and said, "What makes you think that, my man?"

"Give her this, miss," said the gypsy, "and she will come to me."

He held her out a dirty crumpled piece of paper.

Sally, whose hands were wet from the tub, whipped her hand under the corner of her checkered apron, and so took the note with a finger and thumb operating through the linen. By this means she avoided two evils—her fingers did not wet the letter, and the letter did not dirty her fingers.

She took it into the kitchen to her mistress, whose arms were deep in a wash-tub.

Mrs. Meyrick had played the fine lady at first starting, and for six months would not put her hand to any thing. But those twin cajolers of the female heart, Dignity and Laziness, made her so utterly wretched, that she returned to her old habits of work, only she combined with it the sweets of domination.

Sally came in, and said, "It's an old gypsy, which he have brought you this."

Mrs. Meyrick instantly wiped the soap-suds from her brown but shapely arms, and, whipping a wet hand under her apron, took the note just as Sally had. It contained these words only:

"NURSE,—*The old Romanee will tell you all about me.* REGINALD."

She had no sooner read it than she took her sleeves down, and whipped her shawl off a peg and put it on, and took off her apron—and all for an old gypsy. No stranger must take her for any thing but a lady.

Thus embellished in a turn of the hand, she went hastily to the door.

She and the gypsy both started at sight of each other, and Mrs. Meyrick screamed.

"Why, what brings you here, old man?" said she, panting. The gypsy answered, with oily sweetness, "The little gentleman sent me, my dear. Why, you look like a queen."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Meyrick. "Come in here."

She made the old gypsy sit down, and she sat close to him.

"Speak low, daddy," said she, "and tell me all about my boy, my beautiful boy."

The old gypsy told Mrs. Meyrick the wrongs of Reginald that had driven him to this; and she fell to crying and lamenting, and inveighing against all concerned—school-master, Sir Charles, Lady Bassett, and the gypsies. Them the old man defended, and assured her the young gentleman was in good hands, and would be made a little king of, all the more that Keturah had told them there was gypsy blood in him.

Mrs. Meyrick resented this loudly; and then returned to her grief.

When she had indulged that grief for a long time, she felt a natural desire to quarrel with somebody, and she actually put on her bonnet, and was going to the Hall to give Lady Bassett a bit of her mind, for she said that lady had never shown the feelings of a woman for the lamb.

But she thought better of it, and postponed the visit. "I shall be sure to say something I shall be sorry for after," said she; so she sat down again, and returned to her grief.

Nor could she ever shake it off as thoroughly as she had done any other trouble in her life.

Months after this she said to Sally, with a burst of tears, "I never nursed but one, and I shall never nurse another; and now he is across the seas."

She kept the old gypsy at the farm; or, to speak more correctly, she made the farm his head-quarters. She assigned him the only bedroom he would accept, viz., a cattle-shed, open on one side. She used often to have him into her room, when she was alone; she gave him some of her husband's clothes, and made him wear a decent hat; by these means she effaced, in some degree, his nationality, and then she compelled her servants to call him "the foreign gent."

The foreign gent was very apt to disappear in fine weather, but rain soon drove him back to her fireside, and hunger to her flesh-pots.

On the very day the foreign gent came to Meyrick's farm, Lady Bassett had a letter by post from Reginald.

"DEAR MAMMA,—*I am gone with the gypsies across the water. I am sorry to leave you. You are the right sort; but they tormented me so with their books and their dark rooms. It is very unfortunate to be a boy. When I am a man, I shall be too old to be tormented, and then I will come back. Your dutiful son,* REGINALD."

Lady Bassett telegraphed Sir Charles, and he returned to Huntercombe, looking old, sad, and worn.

Lady Bassett set herself to comfort and cheer him, and this was her gentle office for many a long month.

She was the more fit for it, that her own health and spirits revived the moment Reginald left the country with his friends the gypsies; the color crept back to her cheek, her spirits revived, and she looked as handsome, and almost as young, as when she married. She tasted tranquillity. Year after year went by, without any news of Reginald, and the hope grew that he would never cross her threshold again, and Compton be Sir Charles's heir without any more trouble.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

OUR story now makes a bold skip. Compton Bassett was fourteen years old, a youth highly cultivated in mind and trained in body, but not very tall, and rather effeminate-looking, because he was so fair and his skin so white.

For all that, he was one of the bowlers in the Woolcombe eleven, whose cricket-ground was the very meadow in which he had erst gathered cowslips with Ruperta Bassett; and he had a canoe, which he carried to adjacent streams, however narrow, and paddled it with singular skill and vigor. A neighboring miller, suffering under drought, was heard to say, "There ain't water enough to float a duck; nought can swim but the dabchicks and Muster Bassett."

He was also a pedestrian, and got his father to take long walks with him, and leave the horses to eat their oats in peace.

In these walks young master botanized and geologized his own father, and Sir Charles gave him a little politics, history, and English poetry, in return. He had a tutor fresh from Oxford for the classics.

One day, returning with his father from a walk, they met a young lady walking toward them from the village; she was tall, and a superb brunette.

Now it was rather a rare thing to see a lady walking through that village, so both Sir Charles and his son looked keenly at her as she came toward them.

Compton turned crimson, and raised his hat to her rather awkwardly.

Sir Charles, who did not know the lady from Eve, saluted her nevertheless, and with infinite grace; for Sir Charles, in his youth, had lived with some of the *élite* of French society, and those gentlemen bow to the person whom their companion bows to. Sir Charles had imported this excellent trait of politeness, and always practiced it, though not the custom in England, the more the pity.

As soon as the young lady had passed and was out of hearing, Sir Charles said to Compton, "Who is that lovely girl? Why, how the boy is blushing!"

"Oh, papa!"

"Well, what is the matter?"

"Don't you see? It is herself come back from school."

"I have no doubt it is herself, and not her sister, but who *is* herself?"

"Ruperta Bassett."

"Richard Bassett's daughter! impossible. That young lady looks seventeen or eighteen years of age."

"Yes, but it is Ruperta. There's nobody like her. Papa!"

"Well?"

"I suppose I may speak to her now?"

"What for?"

"She is so beautiful."

"That she really is. And therefore I advise you to have nothing to say to her. You are not children now, you know. Were you to renew that intimacy, you might be tempted to fall in love with her. I don't say you would be so mad, for you are a sensible boy; but still, after that little business in the wood—"

"But suppose I did fall in love with her?"

"Then that would be a great misfortune. Don't you know that her father is my enemy? If you were to make any advances to that young lady, he would seize the opportunity to affront you, and me through you."

This silenced Compton, for he was an obedient youth.

But in the evening he got to his mother and coaxed her to take his part.

Now Lady Bassett felt the truth of all her husband had said; but she had a positive wish the young people should be on friendly terms, at all events; she wanted the family feud to die with the generation it had afflicted. She promised, therefore, to speak to Sir Charles; and so great was her influence that she actually obtained terms for Compton: he might speak to Miss Bassett, if he would realize the whole situation, and be very discreet, and not revive that absurd familiarity into which their childhood had been betrayed.

She communicated this to him, and warned him at the same time that even this concession had been granted somewhat reluctantly, and in consideration of his invariable good conduct; it would be immediately withdrawn upon the slightest indiscretion.

"Oh, I will be discretion itself," said Compton; but the warmth with which he kissed his mother gave her some doubts. However, she was prepared to risk something. She had her own views in this matter.

When he had got this limited permission, Master Compton was not much nearer the mark; for he was not to call on the young lady, and she did not often walk in the village.

But he often thought of her, her loving, sprightly ways seven years ago, and the blaze of beauty with which she had returned.

At last, one Sunday afternoon, she came to church alone. When the congregation dispersed, he followed her, and came up with her, but his heart beat violently.

"Miss Bassett!" said he, timidly.

She stopped, and turned her eyes on him; he blushed up to the temples. She blushed too, but not quite so much.

"I am afraid you don't remember me," said the boy, sadly.

"Yes, I do, Sir," said Ruperta, shyly.

"How you are grown!"

"Yes, Sir."

"You are taller than I am, and more beautiful than ever."

No answer, but a blush.

"You are not angry with me for speaking to you?"

"No, Sir."

"I wouldn't offend you."

"I am not offended. Only—"

"Oh, Miss Bassett, of course I know you will never be—we shall never be—like we used."

A very deep blush, and dead silence.

"You are a grown-up young lady, and I am only a boy still, somehow. But it *would* have been hard if I might not even speak to you. Would it not?"

"Yes," said the young lady, but after some hesitation, and only in a whisper.

"I wonder where you walk to. I have never seen you out but once."

No reply to this little feeler.

Then, at last, Compton was discouraged, partly by her beauty and size, partly by her taciturnity.

He was silent in return, and so, in a state of mutual constraint, they reached the gate of Highmore.

"Good-by," said Compton, reluctantly.

"Good-by."

"Won't you shake hands?"

She blushed, and put out her hand half-way. He took it and shook it, and so they parted.

Compton said to his mother, disconsolately, "Mamma, it is all over. I have seen her, and spoken to her; but she has gone off dreadfully."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"She is all changed. She is so stupid and dignified got to be. She has not a word to say to a fellow."

"Perhaps she is more reserved; that is natural. She is a young lady now."

"Then it is a great pity she did not stay as she was. Oh, the bright little darling! Who'd think she could ever turn into a great, stupid, dignified thing? She is as tall as you, mamma."

"Indeed! She has made use of her time. Well, dear, don't take *too much* notice of her, and then you will find she will not be nearly so shy."

"Too much notice! I shall never speak to her again—perhaps."

"I would not be violent, one way or the other. Why not treat her like any other acquaintance?"

Next Sunday afternoon she came to church alone.

In spite of his resolution, Mr. Compton tried her a second time. Horror! she was all monosyllables and blushes again.

Compton began to find it too up-hill. At last, when they reached Highmore gate, he lost his patience, and said, "I see how it is. I have lost my sweet playmate forever. Good-by, Ruperta; I won't trouble you any more." And he held out his hand to the young lady for a final farewell.

Ruperta whipped both her hands behind her back like a school-girl, and then, recovering her dignity, cast one swift glance of gentle reproach, then suddenly assuming vast stateliness, marched into Highmore like the mother of a family. These three changes of manner she effected all in less than two seconds.

Poor Compton went away sorely puzzled by this female kaleidoscope, but not a little alarmed and concerned at having mortally offended so much feminine dignity.

After that he did not venture to accost her for some time, but he cast a few sheep's-eyes at her in church.

Now Ruperta had told her mother all; and her mother had not forbidden her to speak to Compton, but had insisted on reserve and discretion.

She now told her mother she thought he would not speak to her any more, she had snubbed him so.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Bassett, "why did you do that? Can you not be polite and nothing more?"

"No, mamma."

"Why not? He is very amiable. Every body says so."

"He is. But I keep remembering what a forward girl I was, and I am afraid he has not forgotten it either, and that makes me hate the poor little fellow; no, not hate him; but keep him off. I dare say he thinks me a cross, ill-tempered thing; and I *am* very unkind to him, but I can't help it."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Bassett; "that is much better than to be too forward. Papa would never forgive that."

By-and-by there was a cricket-match in the farmer's meadow, Highcombe and Huntercombe eleven against the town of Staveleigh. All clubs liked to play at Huntercombe, because Sir Charles found the tents and the dinner, and the young farmers drank his Champagne to their hearts' content.

Ruperta took her maid and went to see the match. They found it going against Huntercombe. The score as follows:

Staveleigh. First innings, a hundred and forty-eight runs.

Huntercombe eighty-eight.

Staveleigh. Second innings, sixty runs, and only one wicket down; and Johnson and Wright, two of their best men, well in, and masters of the bowling.

This being communicated to Ruperta, she became excited, and her soul in the game.

The batters went on knocking the balls about, and scored thirteen more before the young lady's eyes.

"Oh dear!" said she, "what is that boy about? Why doesn't he bowl? They pretend he is a capital bowler."

At this time Compton was standing long-field on, only farther from the wicket than usual.

Johnson, at the wicket bowled to, being a hard but not very scientific hitter, lifted a half volley ball right over the bowler's head, a hit for four, but a sky-scraper. Compton started the moment he hit, and, running with prodigious velocity, caught the ball descending, within a few yards of Ruperta; but, to get at it, he was obliged to throw himself forward into the air; he rolled upon the grass, but held the ball in sight all the while.

Mr. Johnson was out, and loud acclamations rent the sky.

Compton rose, and saw Ruperta clapping her hands close by.

She left off, and blushed, directly he saw her. He blushed too, and touched his cap to her, with an air half manly, half sheepish, but did not speak to her.

This was the last ball of the over, and, as the ball was now to be delivered from the other wicket, Compton took the place of long-leg.

The third ball was overpitched to leg, and Wright, who, like most country players, hit freely to leg, turned half, and caught this ball exactly right, and sent it whizzing for five.

But the very force of the stroke was fatal to him; the ball went at first bound right into Compton's hands, who instantly flung it back, like a catapult, at Wright's wicket.

Wright, having hit for five, and being unable to see what had become of the ball, started to run, as a matter of course.

But the other batsman, seeing the ball go right into long-leg's hands like a bullet, cried "Back!"

Wright turned, and would have got back to his wicket, if the ball had required handling by the wicket-keeper; but, by a mixture of skill with luck, it came right at the wicket. Seeing which, the wicket-keeper very judiciously let it alone, and it carried off the bails just half a second before Mr. Wright grounded his bat.

"How's that, umpire?" cried the wicket-keeper.

"Out!" said the Staveleigh umpire, who judged at that end.

Up went the ball into the air, amidst great excitement of the natives.

Ruperta, carried away by the general enthusiasm, nodded all sparkling to Compton, and that made his heart beat and his soul aspire. So, next over he claimed his rights, and took the ball. Luck still befriended him: he bowled four wickets in twelve overs; the wicket-keeper stumped a fifth: the rest were "the tail," and disposed of for a few runs, and the total was no more than Huntercombe's first innings.

Our hero then took the bat, and made forty-seven runs before he was disposed of, five wickets down for a hundred and ten runs. The match was not won yet, nor sure to be; but the situation was reversed.

On going out, he was loudly applauded; and Ruperta naturally felt proud of her admirer.

Being now free, he came to her irresolutely with some iced Champagne.

Ruperta declined, with thanks; but he looked so imploringly that she sipped a little, and said, warmly, "I hope we shall win: and, if we do, I know whom we shall have to thank."

"And so do I: you, Miss Bassett."

"Me? Why, what have *I* done in the matter?"

"You brought us luck, for one thing. You put us on our mettle. Staveleigh shall never beat *me*, with you looking on."

Ruperta blushed a little, for the boy's eyes beamed with fire.

"If I believed that," said she, "I should hire myself out at the next match, and charge twelve pairs of gloves."

"You may believe it, then; ask any body whether our luck did not change the moment you came."

"Then I am afraid it will go now, for I am going."

"You will lose us the match if you do," said Compton.

"I can't help it: now *you* are out, it is rather insipid. There, you see I can pay compliments as well as you."

Then she made a graceful inclination and moved away.

Compton felt his heart ache at parting. He took a thought and ran quickly to a certain part of the field.

Ruperta and her attendant walked very slowly homeward.

Compton caught them just at their own gate. "Cousin!" said he, imploringly, and held her out a nosegay of cowslips only.

At that the memories rushed back on her, and the girl seemed literally to melt. She gave him one look full of womanly sensibility and winning tenderness, and said, softly, "Thank you, cousin."

Compton went away on wings: the ice was broken.

But the next time he met her it had frozen again apparently: to be sure, she was alone; and young ladies will be bolder when they have another person of their own sex with them.

Mr. Angelo called on Sir Charles Bassett to complain of a serious grievance.

Mr. Angelo had become zealous and eloquent, but what are eloquence and zeal against sex? A handsome woman had preached for ten minutes upon a little mound outside the village, and had announced she should say a few parting words next Sunday evening at six o'clock.

Mr. Angelo complained of this to Lady Bassett.

Lady Bassett referred him to Sir Charles.

Mr. Angelo asked that magistrate to enforce the law against conventicles.

Sir Charles said he thought the Act did not apply.

"Well, but," said Angelo, "it is on your ground she is going to preach."

"I am the proprietor, but the tenant is the owner in law. He could warn *me* off his ground. I have no power."

"I fear you have no inclination," said Angelo, nettled.

"Not much, to tell the truth," replied Sir Charles, coolly. "Does it matter so very much *who* sows the good seed, or whether it is flung abroad from a pulpit or a grassy knoll?"

"That is begging the question, Sir Charles. Why assume that it is good seed? it is more likely to be tares than wheat in this case."

"And is not that begging the question?